

LAST WEEK we asked—**WHO** is the **LIAR?**
NO ONE is in **DOUBT**—this week!



SATURDAY REVIEW

Volume 160

17th August, 1935



Mr. Baldwin
Head of the Government



Lady Houston
Editor, Saturday Review

BILL POSTERS

will be

PROSECUTED!

Someone has Lied—

The Government

The Bill Posters

The Saturday Review

?

CONTRIBUTORS—

Kim

Col. Sir Thomas Polson,
K.B.E., C.M.G.

Hamadryad

Meriel Buchanan

Eric Hardy

Robert Machray

and

LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

Etc., Etc.



FRITTERING AWAY THE EMPIRE

To-day the India Bill receives the Royal Assent, and that disastrous measure becomes law. It does not enter into force at once; there are certain formalities which have yet to be fulfilled. But, so far as the politicians are concerned, the mischief is done.

The Bill means good-bye to India. It continues that deplorable process of frittering away the Empire which has been seen at work in Ireland, in Egypt, and in Ceylon, with such melancholy consequences.

The fruit of centuries of loyal service and effort is being thrown away, and all that Clive and Hastings and Lawrence achieved is being undone. Never was there such political blindness. This country depends on its overseas possessions for its security and its prosperity. Without them it can look forward to nothing but poverty and ruin. With them all things are possible. Its commerce with the Empire is expanding twice as fast as its commerce with foreign States.

The further proscription of British trade which the Indian Congress Party propose to carry out when they are placed in power—as they will be by this Bill—will spread distress widely in Great Britain.

Italy and Japan recognise facts such as these. They know that trade follows the flag and is only safe in this modern world when it is under the flag. They are therefore reaching out for Empire just at the very moment when we, with nerveless and pathetic hands, are casting it away.

Because of its Empire-wrecking character the Bill is a betrayal at once of Great Britain and of the Indian peoples. It hands India miserably over to disorder and maladministration under the Congress politicians. Nowhere in Asia has parliamentary government taken root; it is wholly alien to the genius of that continent. By setting it up in such impossible circumstances the Bill will worsen every condition of Indian life and stand out in history as a tragic abdication and repudiation of our national duty.

Daily Mail

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The

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

£5 to Spot the Liar

will be paid to the first letter opened giving the correct answer—Spotting the Liar—the Government, the Bill Posters, or the "Saturday Review"? with reasons for coming to this conclusion.

Dean Inge on Conservatism

We read in the *Evening Standard* what the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., says about the present "Conservative" Government:

I used to think that I knew what Conservatism means. The first two articles in its creed were Fear God and Honour the King. It stands for patriotism; not the childish ambition to paint the map red, but a wish to keep the Empire together, and to people our half empty colonies with men and women of our own race.

Next, the test of a nation's welfare is the kind of citizens whom it produces. It follows that no questions are so important as the quality and quantity of the population and its proper distribution. Hence eugenics and migration are matters of primary interest to a Conservative.

He is also anxious to preserve what is good in our heritage—to adapt rather than to destroy. He believes in absolute rights—the right to life and liberty, and to private property honestly come by and reasonably used. He is an anti-sentimentalist, knowing that Dame Nature must be obeyed, and that sentimentalism is kind only to be cruel.

Lastly, he believes that the duty of the Government is to run the country on sound business principles, not to bribe the electors with other people's money.

In 1931 the country was brought to the brink of ruin by socialistic extravagance. There was an appeal to the people, and a Parliament pledged to economy was returned by an unexampled majority.

At first some half-hearted attempts in this direction were made. Then the time approached for window-dressing for the next election. The Government embarked in reckless expenditure of public money, and after a rather shameless vote-catching Budget they have decided, I am told, to dissolve this year, because they dare not face the next Budget.

The industrialism of the last century "destroyed security of status"; Conservatism wishes to restore it. Status depended on two things, the land and the craft. Agriculture must be saved at all costs; and the artisan must have a real interest in his occupation.

The modern worship of the State is wholly wrong, the motive force in politics must be not the compulsory authority of the State, but the individual's conscience and sense of duty. Bolshevism, Fascism, and Nazism are condemned both for their exaltation of the State, and for their suppression of liberty. The wind of the Spirit blows through the natural society of the family, and through various voluntary associations.

The machines put men out of work. British capital invested abroad has enabled foreign nations to manufacture for themselves and undercut our trade. The rate of wages in sheltered industries is much higher than in unsheltered; this is at the root of the housing problem, and of the troubles of the farmer and farm labourer.

There is no longer any pretence that economy is a plank in the Conservative platform. They repudiate Socialism, but except on Socialist principles how can the present taxation be justified? There is nothing like it in any other country.

Take the case of a leading barrister or surgeon, who after a long struggle is making ten or twelve thousand a year. He wishes to put by a thousand for his family or his old age. The thousand is at

once halved by income-tax and super-tax. He invests the remaining five hundred at three per cent., which is all one can get now. Half the interest is again confiscated. He is left with a hundred and fifty *shillings* a year, and when he dies a large slice of his five hundred will be taken in death duties.

* *

The Lost Dominion—India

Supporters of the India Bill are gloating over their "triumph" in securing its passage through both Houses. Supporters of patriotic papers such as the *Saturday Review*, the *Morning Post*, and the little *Patriot* will know how empty this "triumph" is. If ever a Bill was forced through by underhand methods, this was it! Take just two examples.

The Government maintained that the Indian Princes were in favour of Federation. Had that been the case, it would have been a vital point in favour of the Bill, but as the *Morning Post* points out, the truth is that the Princes *unanimously rejected it*.



Mr. Baldwin stated that the Civil Service in India was in favour of the scheme. Along came the Bengal Memorial and Memorandum which gave the lie direct to this belief.

And so on A sordid tale of lies, deceit, treachery and treason, leading up to the Internationalists' greatest desire—the dissolution of the British Empire.

* *

Obsolete Ships

Speaking at Harlow, Essex, on July 24, Mr. Winston Churchill referred to his visit to the recent naval review. It was a fine sight, he said, but it was an extraordinary experience to him, who, as First Lord, was at another naval review twenty years ago. Out of 17 ships, including two aircraft carriers, 14 were ships for which he was responsible during the years in which he was in office.

Commenting on this the *Daily Mail* says: The weakness of the old ships was demonstrated by tragic events in the war. At Coronel, two antiquated British cruisers were shot to pieces in 50 minutes with a loss of 1,654 officers and men. At the Falklands, two elderly German cruisers—among the best gunnery ships in the German Navy—suffered a similar fate through the guns of two modern and powerful British battle-cruisers. And, again, at Zanzibar the 17-years-old British

cruiser *Pegasus* was destroyed with heavy loss by a more modern German vessel.

The examples are full of warning as to the risk of employing obsolete material. Nor is it only in the matter of battleships that the British Navy has too many out-of-date vessels. Of its 50 cruisers, 16 have attained the official time-limit and are obsolete; of its 161 torpedo craft, 117; and of its 60 submarines, 16.

These are disquieting figures. Despite the predominant importance of the part which aviation plays in national defence, we cannot dispense with an effective Navy. Nor can we close our eyes to the large programmes of ship construction which are now fast going forward abroad.

* *

Starving M.P.'s and the Starved Navy

Little sympathy need be felt for the members of Parliament who, as guests of the Admiralty, consider that their rations at the Naval Review were on a starvation basis. It cannot be forgotten that Parliament has acquiesced in the persistent starving of the Navy for the past fifteen years, and it seems only poetic justice if some of these members had to draw in their belts for a few hours. It is a pity, perhaps, that M.P.'s were not placed on some of the vessels which are credited with being well-found of their type. They might then have had something more to think about than the immediate and temporary craving for food, for they could have hardly failed to understand that a succession of Governments has been simply gambling with fate, so that now it is a physical impossibility for the Navy to guarantee the food and oil routes of the nation in the event of war. It does indeed leave a bad taste in the mouth when cadets sent to see the Naval Review write home that the vessel to which they were allotted was simply a disgrace to the Navy, and that nothing was capable of working on that particular cruiser. That is a first impression of the Navy, for those being trained for the sea, which it will not be easy to eradicate.

The Patriot.

* *

The French Navy

While our Ministers refuse to take advantage of the escalator clause in the Treaty of London, which would prevent the further scrapping of cruisers at the end of the year, when they would still be quite useful units for convoy purposes, the French are hinting at accelerated building. At the launching last week of the cruiser *Marseillaise* the Minister of Marine, M. Piétri, told his audience that the nation's naval effort was still below the level that prudence enjoined, and that as France was the second colonial nation of the world, "no consideration prevails against material facts." M. Piétri made it clear that his own design was to increase the navy, while he recognised that the building programme depended on the will of

Parliament and "not on diplomatic oburgations." In our case the miserable fact that our National Government makes the navy the sport of diplomatic oburgations, and the nation is placed in the position of having to run hideous risks, of the extent of which it is unaware.

The Patriot.

Religion and Crime

Many crimes are committed in the name of religion, says the *Morning Post*. In Ulster, as we know, a shot was fired into an Orange procession on the Twelfth of July, which brought Protestant and Roman Catholic mobs into sharp and instantaneous conflict. All those who are acquainted with Belfast know how dangerous and how fatally easy it is to set the Catholic quarter of Falls Road and the Protestant quarter of Shankill Road at each other's throats. Those, on the other hand, who know the history of the Punjab are aware that the great and warlike Hindu brotherhood of the Sikhs was created as an instrument of resistance against the invading Moslem. In both cases religion is the banner and the rallying cry which is used to give an air of sanctity to human passion; but we suspect that in neither case is true piety at the root of the mischief.

Once blood is drawn the rest is fatally easy. Thus in Ireland the conflict is less religious than racial and political. So in the Punjab; the fierce antagonism of two warlike races is set afire for political ends. The Communal award is fiercely resented by the Sikhs, who are determined not to come under the Government of a Mohammedan majority. These riots in Lahore are only a small part of the price which India is paying and will have to pay for a rash political experiment.

Is It True?

Writing in the London *Evening News*, Sir Max Pemberton presents a doleful picture of Young England:

Boys have long ceased to care much about "sea adventure." Most of them would not give you twopence-halfpenny for "Percival Keene" or "Midshipman Easy." The name of Captain Marryat is almost forgotten. Treasure Island survives—less, it may be, for any deep blue ocean than for admiration of blue-nosed pirates. Kipling we read because he is the nation's poet, but I doubt very much whether the Coast Wise Lights cut much ice. Too often they shine upon foreign sailors and foreign ships, and youth, which gazes at them from the shore, is on its way to the dancing at the pierhead or the pictures round the corner.

That last sentence reveals the whole trouble of to-day . . . The light shines on everything that is foreign, and the glorious British Empire is in the shade.

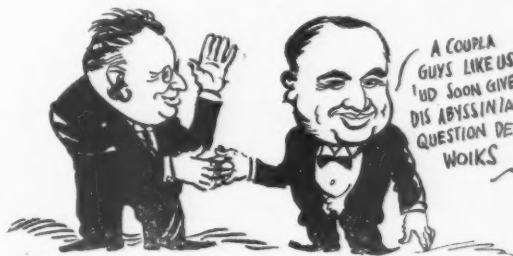
The Curse of Internationalism

As Sir Max Pemberton bitterly asks:

Was internationalism behind Nelson when Napoleon waited at Boulogne to hand out kindness to the

British people? And would Internationalism be with us to-morrow if alien ships had possession of our ports and the High Seas were closed to us? We know that it would not . . . As our fathers before us did, so must we defend the "Silver Sea" by our good right arms and the guns they serve. There is no alternative. We must hold the mastery afloat or our end is near.

Have we that mastery still to hold?



Bandits

An article in the *New Leader*, July 26, on the "Abyssinian Crisis" was prefaced with the following editorial summary:—

The Italian threat to Abyssinia approaches a climax. The Council of the League of Nations is to consider it. But it is no use relying upon the Capitalist Governments which dominate the League. They are all Imperialist bandits. The Governments of Britain (Bandit No. 1) and of France (Bandit No. 2) have no right to be shocked by the gangsterism of Italy (Bandit No. 3).

The Japanese Government (Bandit No. 4) is now protesting. The Italians naturally retort by pointing to the Japanese gangster methods in China.

There is one Government in the League which is not Capitalist. Socialists are hoping that Soviet Russia will speak out. Soviet Russia has the right to do so, because Russia is not Imperialist. Socialists are hoping that M. Litvinoff (who will preside at the Council meeting) will not allow himself to be silenced because of the Soviet-French alliance and the Soviet-Italian diplomatic friendship.

In the opinion of the *New Leader*, these four bandits are to be firmly handled at Geneva by the Bandit-in-Chief (Soviet Russia). The idea of Litvinoff telling the Great Powers how to behave themselves is ludicrous. The whole strength and power of the Soviet Government rest upon murder and robbery. Al Capone would be a more suitable teacher of honesty than Litvinoff. Moscow is also ordering the Communists outside Russia to support democratic governments, even if they are Capitalist, in order to prevent Fascists destroying the freedom and liberties of the people! There is, however, no intention of restoring the liberties and freedom of the Russian people. These are to remain under the tyranny of the Soviet dictators.

When Patriotism Offends

Recently the Press quoted the case of a girl at a school at Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, who was reproved for her imperialist ideas by an inspector of schools in that she stated in an essay that England is the finest country in the world,

The matter was aired in the House of Commons when the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education was asked:

If he has considered the correspondence between the Board and the rector of St. Paul's, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, wherein the rector and other managers of the St. Paul's girls' school complain of the behaviour of an inspector of schools for reproving, in the presence of the staff and the children, a little girl for having stated in an essay that England is the finest country in the world, and reproving, in the hearing of the children, a teacher in the school for having, as he alleged, taught the little girl in question old-fashioned imperialism;

Whether he is aware that the Board has not denied these facts but has refused redress; and

Whether he will now take disciplinary action upon this inspector.

These question put by Sir Gerald Hurst, met with a most unsatisfactory reply by Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, who tried to make out that the inspector had been guilty of merely "casual comment." It is quite certain that the staff and children did not so consider the comments of the inspector, who is obviously one of those men who has no patience with patriotism, and does what he can to discourage it in others, even little children. It is to be hoped that the subject will receive further airing, for Mr. Stanley's condonation of the offence is thoroughly reprehensible and makes the matter one of serious importance.

The Patriot.

Christians and Communists

The *Journal des Débats* states that according to recent information from reliable sources, secret negotiations are at present in progress between the Russian Orthodox metropolitan, Mgr. Sergei, and the soviet leaders about the legalisation of religion in the U.S.S.R. The first step towards this legalisation would be permission to convoke a synod with a view to the election of a patriarch of Moscow. Such an assembly is contemplated for February of next year.

Since the death of the patriarch Tikhon in 1925, the patriarchal throne has been vacant, and the Soviet Government has not allowed the election of a successor. For a time the functions of the patriarch were exercised by the metropolitan Peter, but he was arrested and banished to the north and his place taken by the metropolitan Sergei who, thanks to foreign diplomacy, has been able to open the discussion of the delicate question.

It may be, however, that the legalisation of religion in Soviet Russia would be only fresh bluff, for the Moscow leaders can always create other difficulties to hinder the freedom of religion.

Catholic Herald.

Gas Mask Rule

Regulations to apply in case of air attack are to be posted on every building in Paris on the instructions of the Prefect of Police, and failure to comply may bring court proceedings.

"It is the duty," states the police order, "of every citizen to consider the danger of an attack from the air and to think out what steps he and his family will take."

"When an alarm is given," continues the notice, "put the lights out, close windows and shutters, put on your mask, go to the nearest shelter, and hang damp blankets before the openings."

Reuter.

A Bolshevik Wages Conference

The *Daily Worker* states that 1,500,000 workers are demanding wage increases. Says the Soviet organ:—

Transport workers are in a ferment. Railway workers, dockers and seamen are demanding the full return of the cuts imposed in 1931 and 1932.

Electricians, miners, shipbuilders and furniture trade workers are putting in demands for increased wages and shorter hours. Their combined total of a million and a quarter members makes this the biggest wage offensive of recent years.

How can this wages movement be co-ordinated? How can we stop the terrific speed-up and organise the workers in the factory? How can we defend and extend democracy in the unions?

In order to bring these various unions under Communist control and to enable Communists to direct disputes and strikes, the Communist journal—the *Labour Monthly*—is organising a conference of unions that are demanding wage increases. Every possible opening for industrial trouble is being examined by the Bolsheviks.

"Dead Men Tell No Tales"

More than half the total number of road accidents were due to collisions of vehicles with pedestrians, a quarter to collisions between vehicles, and the small remainder to various causes. The outstanding fact is that in 85 per cent. of the deaths of pedestrians the sole or main cause of the accident is attributed to the pedestrians themselves.



This is the official finding of the Ministry of Transport, which promptly goes on to point out that its official finding must be accepted with a grain of salt as the people killed cannot be witness to the facts.

Similarly the pedal cyclist is himself held to have been wholly or mainly responsible for 74 per cent. of the accidents in which cyclists were killed. All of which seems not only one-sided argument, but rather ridiculous.

The Unheavenly Twins!

By Kim

THE Unheavenly Twins are taking their holidays, this one in Lossiemouth, the other imbibing the waters at Aix-les-Bains. Separated in the flesh they are together in the spirit. They agree that it will be to the benefit of world democracy, although it will bring about the ruin of the British nation, that the Empire should be disrupted. They regard with equanimity that in Ireland the Free State is allowed to set up what is in effect a hostile republic at our doors, and in India they rejoice to think that through their efforts they have now forced upon it a new Constitution which all detest and which will enable the enemies of the British Raj to throw us out of that vast dependency although there are sunk directly or indirectly the lives and fortunes of vast numbers of British subjects.

The Unheavenly Twins came together in 1931 in strange circumstances. One of them made a very nearly successful attempt to bring the State to utter collapse, but failed, and then instead of paying the penalty of failure, rattled from his colleagues and proposed that Conservatives who were called in to save the building from collapse should put him at the head of the salvage corps. The other twin promptly agreed without any reference to the 461 Conservative members who had elected him as their leader, and hence arose the CROOKED COMBINATION which calls itself "National." They got away then with the biggest, most-sandalous bluff in the history of British politics and that is saying some.

DEAD SEA FRUITS

It might have been thought that the history of the intervening four years would have brought a little sense and understanding to Mr. Baldwin to realise the danger in all this. He has had time to reflect on the steady drift to the left, to have realised that sooner or later such an alliance must cause a repercussion to their detriment. The Government's unpreparedness for war, in accordance with the mentality of Socialism, its blind banking on the League of Nations and the consequent surrender of British interests, its hotch-potch policy in regard to tariffs, whereby Agriculture, Shipping, Mining and other vital pursuits have been utterly sacrificed, and its utter failure to develop the Empire for the benefit of the nation instead of apologising for its existence, all these are the dead sea fruits of the alliance between the Unheavenly Twins.

We have accordingly reached the position when, thanks to Messrs. Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald, the once great and respected Conservative Party has been undermined to such an extent that it would require a large magnifying glass in order to discover any Conservatism in it. When the Unheavenly Twins have completed their

vacation, they propose to go to the country under their sham label of "National" and expect to return for another five years of this alliance to the country's peril.

All this is a gross imposition on the nation, for in effect it is putting a pistol at the head of the Conservative elector. It says to him in effect, if you turn us out the alternative is Sir Stafford Cripps and the extreme Socialists. The Conservative Central Office has gone over to the "National" Government although Conservatives pay for it, candidates will be put forward by the caucus, not on Conservative principles, but as supporters of the Unheavenly Twins in whatever wrecking policies they may advance once they are in office again, quite irrespective of mandates from the electors. How far electors will allow themselves to become robots at the polls remains to be seen.

It can well be understood that Big Business and the Press which represent them are frightened to death at the thought of a Socialist Government with extremists in office, but to offer as an obstacle only an alternative in the shape of an Internationalist Government, with all the characteristics of Socialism, is a dangerous expedient. Fear and cowardice invariably meet with their reward in the long run and when the General Election takes place the failure to demand Conservatism will bring its penalty.

THE PENALTY

The mistake Mr. Baldwin has made for far too long a time is to imagine that the Conservative Party is made for him and not, as is the truth, the other way about. Conservative principles are held by a vast majority of persons in this country, who for the most part are not even members of their local organisations. They are those who believe in the Monarchy, the Empire, Strong National defences, the protection of the Nation's and Empire's trade, the enhancement of our prestige abroad, and with all this cherish a hearty dislike of Internationalism in every shape and form. How many with such a viewpoint will support the Unheavenly Twins, with their insatiable appetite for the undermining of the Empire, of whittling away our national defences, of surrendering our sovereignty to the junta who decide issues in Geneva, and of sacrificing our home production to foreign interests? The by-election figures of the last year or two have shown the "National" Government cutting a sorry figure.

The tactics of the present Government, as our readers are aware, are to hush up all criticism by any and every devious effort. The Press are squeezed and the Bill-Poster firms are threatened if they permit publicity which criticises the Government. Lady Houston who is inconveniently plain-spoken and cannot either be bought or over-

awed, is to be snuffed out by other methods. We do not think these dodges, however, will assist the Government at the General Election. The power of the caucus is much over-rated. *People will vote as they feel and this Government is not popular*

despite its propaganda. If the Conservative Party would find their soul, elect a new Leader and drop Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, it would make an enormous difference when the time comes.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

The National Government, it is stated, has prepared a comprehensive programme of public speaking, in which every Cabinet Minister will take part, for the forthcoming election. Mr. Baldwin, it is understood, will lead off with a stirring appeal to the country in the following sense:

If you have votes prepare to cast them now,
For we shall soon have need of them (and how?)
Soon will the summer die and chilly Autumn
In faded Splendour come,
And all the English countryside will hum
With scores and scores of hand-picked orators,
Spilling the stuff we've taught 'em,
While everywhere appreciative roars
Rise from packed houses, and the autumnal hue
Is smothered under placards, white and blue,
And full of Central Office ballyhoo.

* * *

There shall not be a corner in the land,
No hamlet so remote, no street so red,
But someone will be presently on hand
To extol the virtues of the Government,
And happily invent
Still other virtues of a robust brand
That self and colleagues have not thought it wise,
Stout Tories though we are, to exercise.
Conservatives, we look to you to troop
To our support when comes the polling day.
It's true we've left the Navy in the soup,
Thrown India away,
And starved the Air Force—aye, and would to-day
Had not the much alarmed inhabitants
Of England turned and kicked us in the pants.
It's true that Runcy's pacts have cost you dear,
That farmers get no good from Elliot's Boards,
That the shipowners jeer,
Asking what help our subsidy affords,
When every ship that flies
A foreign flag is given one twice the size.

* * *

We must admit that all these policies,
Though only what can be expected in
A mongrel government wobbly at the knees,
Would make the immediate prospect pretty thin,
Were it not obvious
That our opponents threaten to immerse
The country in catastrophes far worse
Than what it's had from us.

* * *

Hark how the white-haired wizard of the hills
Murmurs his magic in the voter's ear;
He has a nostrum for all human ills,
Panaceas ready made,
Incomes for all and any amount of trade,

Rich harvests far and near.
Just tax and spend and tax and spend again,
Tax till the pips squeak, pour it down the drain—
But well he knows his hopes are vain as air,
Unless he plays the Free Trade doctrinaire,
Do poojah like a man
To Manchester's unyielding *Guardian*.

* * *

See how that dreadful Cripps, with eager maw,
Unsated by the profits of the law,
Is waiting to devour
Banks, money, profits and financial power,
With authoritarian fist
To give the neck of Parliament a twist,
And in the palace built by Buckingham
Become the Great I AM.
Beside him a Trade Union Socialist
Like Clynes or Morrison,
Looks like a parcel that has missed the post,
And well they know his voice, not theirs will rule
the roast,
And egg the Bolshies on.
Oh, voters, nice kind voters vote for us.
We mayn't amount to much as true-blue Tories,
Being a sort of political omnibus,
Whose front end is behind, whose tail before is,
But only Britons weak in their upper stories
Will fail to see that though our dope is swill,
The Opposition's is more poisonous still.

HAMADRYAD.

**People who are patriots, who
would like something more than
the "hush-hush" news of most
of the daily papers, and want
to know and hear the truth,
should buy**

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"

No Hope for Lancashire

By H. Y. Robinson

(Chairman of the Lancashire Group of the India Defence League.)

WITH the passing of the Government of India Bill there is enacted the last act in a drama which might well be entitled "The Lancashire Selling Plate Handicap." There remains but the sale of the also rans—"Spindles" and "Looms"—fine hurdlers in their day, but who came a cropper at Defeatist Ditch and whose jockeys, Trade Union Leader and Apathetic Employer, have been riding under orders from Political Boss.

The question that matters now is not as to which set of financial interests shall control the remnants of our once great textile industry, but what can be done for the scores of thousands of men, women and children now condemned to permanent unemployment.

Trade follows the flag. Wherever we strike our flag, we strike a blow at our trade and a blow at the workers of this country. This statement stands confirmed by the history of former great nations whose influence has waned.

Speaking at Belle Vue, Manchester, last year on the occasion of Mr. Baldwin's visit, Mr. Douglas Hacking, the Member for Chorley, warned the Conservative leader that trade with India was Lancashire's lifeblood, and so it is that the passing of the India Bill severs the artery of Lancashire's bloodstream. There is now no hope for those who have walked the streets in unwanted idleness and who are now condemned to permanent unemployment.

IDLE LOOMS

At a time when our Chancellor of the Exchequer assures the Nation that we have recovered 80 per cent. of our prosperity, 140 smokeless factories in Blackburn and Oldham stand as grim reminders that prosperity has passed us by, while in each of these famous cotton towns 20,000 cotton workers look with anxious eyes for signs of sympathy and understanding which seem to be denied.

Those who, for reasons best known to themselves, endeavour to mislead the general public into believing that the solution lies in reorganisation within the structure of the trade itself can have little conception of the difficulties with which we are faced.

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of such schemes as the Spindles Bill and other suggestions for redundancy, and no matter how beneficial such schemes may be to those interested in the financial field, the fact remains that no such scheme will increase our overseas trade by so much as one yard.

If, for instance, we take the Indian tariff of 5d. per pound on plain grey cloth we find that on a cloth weighing 11 lbs. and costing 11s. at a Burnley Mill we are faced with a handicap of 4s. 7d. and when we have added the 7d. which it

will cost to send this piece to India, we expect a poor Indian consumer to be able to pay 5s. 2d. on 11s. worth of cloth. On other styles, the basic duty of 15 per cent. has been increased by two surcharges of 5 per cent. to which must be added a further 10 per cent. for carriage, etc., making a total of 35 per cent. which must be added to the price to the consumer. These tariffs alone have been responsible for our loss in trade, nothing we can do can offset the burden of an excessive and penal tariff.

Mr. Lloyd George, in dealing with cotton and textiles in his pamphlet on organising prosperity, talks of raising the purchasing power of the Indian masses, but has no word to say about the Indian tariff barriers which alone make it impossible for the Indian consumer to buy the goods he wants, but which are denied him.

THE DESTROYERS

The goodwill of our Indian customers, the consuming masses, has ever been ours, but no act of surrender of British rights and interests will ever sow seeds of goodwill in the hearts of those who, having used the Fiscal convention as a licence for vested interests in India, seek to destroy the last vestige of British rule and British trade.

It is well known and recognised by every impartial observer that Lancashire is not getting a square deal in India, why, then, should we assume that we are getting better treatment elsewhere?

Lord Zetland in the House of Lords let the cat out of the bag when in the course of the Burma debate he placed more importance on the interests of capitalists who had invested their money in Burma than he did of the interests of the workers of Britain who by their past efforts have contributed in a large measure to the building up of British capital the world over.

There is indeed no hope for Lancashire now; in point of fact there has been no hope for Lancashire since the days when, offered the leadership of Mr. Winston Churchill, Lancashire business men preferred to rely on that will-o'-the-wisp, "The Goodwill of India" whatever that may mean.

At the general election scores of Lancashire seats will be lost to the Socialists, yet the Socialist programme would only accentuate the disease and spread it like a plague throughout the rest of the country.

Prosperity will return to Lancashire when a newer generation, nurtured in the cradle of adversity, send Lancashire men to Parliament who, understanding the difficulties of the cotton trade will by their sincerity and unassailable logic secure for Lancashire workers the consideration which is their due.

Heading for Another Boom?

By an American Correspondent

EVERYONE has heard of the American farmer who told his friends, "I'm going down town to get drunk to-night, and gosh! how I dread it!" It is in much the same spirit that a not inconsiderable number of Americans visualise the prospect of another Wall Street boom: they know by sad experience that the hang-over is apt to be unpleasant. And if the objection is raised, "Need there necessarily be a hang-over?" one can only suggest, in the words of the humorist, "There always has been."

It is not considered good form in the United States in these days to recall certain words spoken early in 1933 about "driving the money changers out of the temple." The phrase has been relegated to limbo along with the "forgotten man" and others which sounded good when President Roosevelt enunciated them in the first flush of his enthusiasm. Yet the forgotten man is still there—some eighteen million of him, according to the most recent statistics; and his collective presence does not provide altogether the most reassuring background for another bull market.

That the upward trend on Wall Street will continue seems reasonably certain. After all, the United States has been enjoying a state of depression for nearly six years: it is about time for another turn of the wheel, and a public thoroughly tired of monotonous inaction is beginning to yearn for a little jazz in life. The only question is whether we can afford another such bout of prosperity as we had in 1928 and 1929.

PRESSURE OF IDLE FUNDS

It is true that to-day there is more money in circulation than there has been for several years past; that there is a terrific pressure of idle funds seeking investment; and that the indices of production have risen sharply. But—increased production does not necessarily mean increased employment, and hence increased capacity to consume. Technological science has not stood still during the past six years, and there is some warrant for believing that 1935 can produce the same quantity of goods as did 1929, but that it needs far fewer workpeople to do so.

Even prior to 1929 the problem existed of disposing of the surplus produced by the high-g geared American industrial machine. The solution during those years was found in the expedient of lending other nations money with which to buy our goods. The hardiest optimist of to-day would scarcely suggest that the experiment be repeated: one reference to the present status of America's foreign investments would silence him.

On what basis, then, will another bull market be justifiable? There are already indications that the old formula of "discounting future expansion" is being taken off its shelf and tentatively dusted off. But it requires more hardihood in the world of to-day to talk about discounting the future than it did six years ago. The future in most countries is a

good deal less negotiable at any reasonable discount than it then was.

The theory is rather more tenable that the various manifestations of the present-day American temper, the growing unpopularity of President Roosevelt, the collapse of the New Deal, the slowing-up of the Democratic legislative programme, the hard-boiled "work or starve" attitude adopted toward the men on the dole represent a perhaps inevitable reaction to the innovations adopted since 1933. "When the devil was sick" splendid individualism was at a discount: with his universe crashing about his ears the average American was willing to follow anyone who seemed, even remotely, to know what it was all about. But a lot of water has gone over the dam since then; in other words, several billions of Government funds have been poured out to provide food and shelter for the victims of our last bout of prosperity. The people are, to use a negro saying, getting "fat and sassy," and are beginning to wonder who was the alarmist who ever cried wolf.

PUBLIC REACTIONS

Some of the people, that is. There remains that uncomfortable figure of 18,000,000 unemployed. What will be the reactions of these people to newspaper headlines announcing that happy days have come again—in Wall Street? Just how jubilant will the Middle Western farmer be when he reflects that the shares of certain companies are participating in the boom because the courts have declared to be illegal the processing taxes, out of the proceeds of which the agricultural subsidies have hitherto been paid? With what precise degree of gratification will the salaried man react—if he happens to be one of those whose wages have been cut and whose hours of work have been increased since the Supreme Court declared the N.R.A. unconstitutional?

Cynics may suggest that the farmer and the wage-earner will react by hastening to get on the band-wagon as quickly as may be: in other words, that they will mortgage the old homestead or the family Ford once again, and hie them to the nearest broker. Unfortunately it may be so; and for so long as they do well out of it the prospects of the Democratic party will be correspondingly slimmer, and those of the Republicans healthier. But if the present incipient boom is worked up to a full-sized one; and if (as it must be) a repetition of the inflation of 1929 is followed by a repetition of the crash of 1930, it is impossible to predict what form of political expression the resultant disillusionment of the American voters will take. One can only recall the probably apocryphal remark attributed to President Roosevelt a couple of years ago.

"If I succeed, I shall go down in history as the greatest American President. If I fail, I shall be the last one."

The Fatal Dagger

By Meriel Buchanan

"THE Ogpu is the dagger in the hands of World Revolutionaries" is a phrase in Essad Bey's book on the Russian Ogpu, but how few people realise the enormous ramifications of the Ogpu or the insidious subtlety of the propaganda spread across the world, a net that stretches from East to West, ensnaring the feet of progress, the whole organisation of civilisation and prosperity.

How few people, for instance, know that, attached to the Soviet Embassies or Legations in every country, there are always two agents of the Ogpu—or as it is now called the Commissariat for the Interior—one of whom is known, and is generally either an Attaché or a Secretary at the Embassy—while the other is secret and unofficial, known only to the Foreign Department in Moscow, a man who travels with a false passport, a man who sometimes occupies a high position and is so thoroughly consolidated in the country of his domicile, that, even in the event of international complications, or the withdrawal of the official representative and the personnel of the Embassy, he would be able to remain and continue his hidden machinations.

AN ARMY OF SPIES

Everything that goes on is known to this secret agent. He wins the confidence and respect of unsuspecting citizens; many of the despatches and letters of other Embassies and Legations pass through his hands, and he employs an army of spies to work for him, to ferret out Government secrets, and the underground murmur of industrial unrest.

It is he who watches and reports on the Russian emigrés, and it is he who sends the names and descriptions of political figures and anti-Bolsheviks home to Moscow, and these names and details are then entered on the card indexes and files kept in the special department in the Lubyanka, and carefully tabulated by secret service officials for future reference, information and possible action.

For the Ogpu, or the People's Commissariat for the Interior, never allows itself to forget, and, like its predecessor the Cheka, it has ways and means unknown to the world for revenging itself on those it considers dangerous to the cause of world revolution. "They are devils" exclaimed Sidney Reilly, the English Master Spy, who was himself lured back to his death in Russia. "By one way or another they will get whom they want into their clutches."

People may argue that this is the twentieth century, an era of civilisation and security, and yet it is well known that many Russian emigrés have been enticed back to the U.S.S.R. tempted sometimes by promises of complete immunity and freedom, sometimes by false reports of powerful counter revolutionary organisations, ready to move

and overthrow the Soviet, or drawn by frantic appeals, supposed to come from dying relations who had been left behind in Soviet territory, and once across the frontier of the U.S.S.R. these unfortunate people have disappeared, leaving no trace, all efforts to find them proving of no avail.

To quote only a few instances, there was General Kutypoff, kidnapped in broad daylight in the streets of Paris. There was Boris Savinkoff, the former Socialist, who, after the revolution, became a fervent anti-Bolshevik, but was at last persuaded to go back to Russia where he was imprisoned and treated leniently, almost indulgently, till he was finally poisoned by his hosts and thrown out of the window, in order to try and make the world believe that he had committed suicide. There were the German students, Kidermann and Wolscht, persuaded to go on a tour of inspection in Russia and imprisoned for years in the Lubyanka. There was Captain Kydrov, kidnapped in China and taken to Moscow to be tortured and shot. There



Russia's Chamber of Horrors—the recently rebuilt OGPU building

was Doctor Britnieff, arrested as he was stepping off the ship on which he served, and never heard of again, the only reason given for his arrest being that he had had dealings with White Russians in London. And there was Sidney Reilly!

Let those who scoff at the power of the Ogpu read the book of his adventures begun by himself and finished by his wife. The story of his experi-

ences and his escape from Russia in 1918, of the attempt that was made to kidnap him in London, of the agent of the OGPU, who, pretending to be an emissary from a White Russian organisation, tried to induce him to return to Moscow, of the way in which he was finally tricked into crossing the frontier, seem utterly fantastic and incredible did one not know them to be true.

Because the OGPU has once more changed its name, this does not mean that the Inner Prison of the Lubianka does not still hold its ghastly secrets, nor does it mean that the OGPU Agents are not still throwing their net across the world. Every accident, every mine disaster, every earthquake, every political crisis or change of Government, is skilfully turned to account and made use of. The recent strikes among the transport drivers in England, the riots in Lahore and Belfast, the trouble at Brest . . . behind all these are agents in the service of the Kremlin whose reports go to the Lubianka, sometimes in the shape of undeveloped kodak films, which fade away if the package in which they are sent is tampered with or opened by the enemy.

Through China, Afghanistan, Persia, India,

across Central Europe, the agents of the OGPU come and go unceasingly, and slowly the poison they leave in their wake filters into England, pervading all classes, all units of society, creeping from the dockyards into schools and universities, through crowded city streets, along quiet country lanes, into sleepy villages and lonely hamlets. A whisper here and there, a book or a few pamphlets carelessly scattered along the road, or left with apparent forgetfulness in a village inn. The perversion of the school teachers, the poisoning of children's minds! The seemingly harmless tramp sitting by the side of the road, the bland commercial traveller sharing one's compartment in the train, the waiter in a crowded seaside hotel, the conductor on a motor coach, any one of these may be a member of the OGPU, a servant of the secret agent, spreading from town to town, from village to village, his vile treacherous propaganda.

"The OGPU is the dagger in the hand of World Revolution." A dagger against peace and security, against all the beauty and tranquility of the English countryside, against the stability of the reigning house, the very foundation of the nation's structure.

Soviet Sugar-Beet Losses

A Lesson for England

By P. J. F.

SOcialists in this country have repeatedly made sinister references to the sugar-beet industry and its obvious inability to become self-supporting, and, more often than not, they suggest that we turn our eyes to the Soviet paradise if we would see both industrial and agricultural progress. It has long been patent, however, to those who took the trouble to find out things for themselves, that in so far as Soviet Russia is concerned, the average Socialist in this country is wholly unaware of anything that obtains there to-day.

Disastrous Failure

Sugar is one of the main exports from Soviet Russia, and is considered by the peasant population—ninety per cent. of the total population—as "deficit" goods, since, if supplies were available to them they could not buy them as they have little or no purchasing power; and, in spite of certain Canadian professorial reports in the *Daily Express*, there is no hope of improvement, because the official Soviet newspapers state the sugar-beet crop this year will be a disastrous failure.

Thus "mechanised agriculture" under which agricultural experts are controlled and worked by factory workers appointed to superintend agriculture only by reason of their membership of the Communist Party, has shown itself entirely incapable of dealing with the vermin now attacking the sugar-beet crops.

The Soviet paper *Pravda* of July 5th, 1935, states:—

" . . . In 1929 hundreds of thousands of hectares were destroyed by caterpillars, and many million pounds of sugar-beet were lost. . . . There are the same prospects for this year . . . because of the insufficient measures taken against the vermin on the sugar-beet fields and the complete lack of the necessary chemicals; not even iron and gauze for butterfly traps being procurable."

In the same issue of *Pravda*, reports from Kiev, Kharkov, Winnitzk and Woronesh show, ". . . the fields are full of weeds, on which the butterflies lay their eggs; from the weeds, the caterpillars creep on to the growing sugar-beets. . . The warnings of the Central Committee have been disregarded and no measures have been taken against the vermin. . ."

"Paradise" Exposed

It is not difficult to visualise what attitude the friends of the Soviet in this country would take if such a state of affairs was allowed to come about in our own sugar-beet industry. Yet these lovers of the Soviet "progress" who seek to turn this country into a similar vermin ridden paradise, never cease their efforts to beguile the workers of this country into believing that such profligate management of British agriculture and industry in general would be to their (the workers') benefit.

In thus seeking to hoodwink the people of this country they—the Socialists within the Labour Party—even out-Herod Stalin himself in his persecution of the peasantry of Soviet Russia, who are now suffering from the effects of that same blindness which now obstructs the clear sense of the British working men and women.

The Beloved Monster

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

PAUSING now and then in the conversation to glance with gratitude at the incoming stream of working people from all parts of Lake Constance whose patriotic pfennigs are helping to build the latest wonder in airships, Dr. Hugo Eckener told me with hope and pride of the progress of LZ 129.

The beloved monster, which the veteran master of the Graf Zeppelin will command on her first flights, has as yet no name. But when her 815 feet bulk is taken out of the hangar, she will be called the Hindenburg. Rather shyly, Dr. Eckener admitted that he himself suggested the name. In his office above the workshops at Friedrichshafen, Dr. Eckener—upon whom the mantle of Count Zeppelin, the hero of Lake Constance, has fallen—showed his impatience to have the great ship completed. "She should have been ready now. But there have been miscalculations—so big a ship, so much that is new, that she will not be finished until November. Then it will take us ten days to fill her gasbags. Our gas-holder here contains only ten thousand cubic metres—about one-tenth of her capacity."

Dr. Eckener's room is an epitome of the history of airships. Photographs of the first Zeppelin, of the first floating hangar, oil-paintings of the Graf Zeppelin above the skyscrapers of New York, souvenirs of his flight around the world decorate his walls. It needed only the hint of a question of his faith in airships to actuate its fervid expression.

Regular Atlantic Service?

"Ever since the War I have fought for the airship as the proper means of a regular service across the North Atlantic. Always have the aeroplane people told me they would have it going in two years. They said that in 1924, with confidence, they said it again in 1928, with more confidence. Their two years is a long while coming. Perhaps there will someday be a service by aeroplane carrying substantial loads of passengers and mail over the Atlantic. But I do not think it will be in my lifetime, on a regular, commercial basis. Meanwhile, my old Graf Zeppelin goes on"—and he stopped to show me a message from the "Graf," somewhere between the Canary Islands and Gibraltar, informing him of the prospective time of her arrival from Pernambuco.

"Ten thousand miles at cruising speed without refuelling is what we shall be able to do in the new ship," Dr. Eckener went on. "But you would like to see her? I will find my son and get him to show you over."

Puffing happily at a great cigar, the Herr Doktor, whose photograph in Friedrichshafen is seen almost as often as those of Count Zeppelin and Herr Hitler, bustled off downstairs unlocking

workshop doors and speaking as he went of the details of LZ 129. Even so tall and conspicuously Aryan a young man as Herr Kurt Eckener is not easy to find in a busy hangar large enough comfortably to hold an airship 815 feet long and 135 feet wide.

"The old man" placed me in charge of young Eckener, whom I followed up duraluminium staircases to the part of the ship most interesting to the layman—the passengers' quarters. Kurt Eckener's swelling pride in LZ 129 is as great as his father's. He took me through the cabins, where each of the fifty passengers will have hot and cold running water and accommodation quite as comfortable as in many ships. The cabins are in varying colour schemes, the temperature can be regulated according to individual taste, the beds are invitingly sprung.

We went on to the electrically-equipped kitchen, where an affectionate workman had hung a large newspaper photograph of handsome Kurt Eckener and his young bride. Kurt blushed, and hurried me on to the "social hall" to reveal more ingenuities.

Central Heating System

He picked up a large table in one hand to show its lightness and the system of "central heating" which will be diffused from the leg of the table. On to the writing-room, with the tables already in position, to the modernistic dining-room and promenade inside the body of the ship, with windows sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees so that passengers may enjoy the view.

The smoke-room, with its double swing-doors, the pantry, the shower with bath-ladders provided against by a contrivance which stops the water-supply after ten minutes per passenger, the crew's quarters with their hammocks, the protruding control-cabin, the radio department and the dynamo rooms, the narrow internal gangway running unbroken from nose to tail of the ship. All these fascinations of LZ 129 Kurt Eckener displayed as workmen high above us clothed the mighty skeleton in fabric and those below prepared for the installation of the four 1,000 h.p. crude-oil engines.

Kurt Eckener, in addition to being in charge of the constructional work, will navigate for his father in the new ship. He began in the Graf Zeppelin as an elevator hand. "We must all start from the bottom here," he told me.

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Our Abyssinian Campaign

Pigeon-holed Letter that Caused a War in 1868

By G. A. Pasquier

NO one who wishes to study the merits of Italy's dispute with Abyssinia can possibly overlook Britain's dramatic intervention seventy years ago into the affairs of that country of cruel, vain and ambitious barbarians.

In the East, history has a remarkable way of repeating itself—almost without "a difference." The Abyssinian difficulties that faced Britain in the middle of the last century and those which confront Italy to-day are in many ways so vividly alike as to demand comparison.

The Socialists and peace balloteers and other cranks are sufficiently aghast at Italy's present war-like intentions. One would fear for their sanity were they to trouble themselves to delve into that absorbing chapter of England's great imperial past which deals with the Abyssinian campaign of 1868. For the actual pretext upon which we fought a short but highly successful war was, by modern standards, flimsy enough.

A letter to Queen Victoria from the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia soliciting aid from England against the Turks was carelessly lost for two years in the archives of Whitehall. As a consequence, the British envoy who afterwards carried a reply to Theodore was thrown into prison: thus was a breach of the law of nations committed which demanded a resort to arms.

The rest of the history of British relations with Ethiopia in the sixties might, in its broad outlines, be what is happening to-day.

PREVIOUS OUTRAGES

Britain took the first slender opportunity of settling accounts with Abyssinia. But none could accuse us of not having previously borne with patience such outrages as the murder of two British subjects, the flogging almost to death of another, the imprisonment of others, and numberless injuries and insults.

Like Italy, it is to be feared that Britain was attracted to Abyssinia by the prospect of economic enterprise. She also not only talked about, but actually embarked on various thankless missionary and other civilising endeavours.

But your Abyssinian, from the sadistic monster Theodore who then ruled that land, down to the humblest nomad, was not at all unlike his descendants—if we exclude the polished Western-educated officials at Addis Ababa who are well versed in the ways of European diplomacy. Again and again the British Government blue books of the period (these authorities are still acknowledged to contain some of the most trustworthy information on the manners and customs of the people) occur passages which help us to understand Italy's action.

The Abyssinians' inexorable vanity which makes them believe that they are invincible, led to constant friction with the British. That arrogance—which must be particularly distasteful to-day to Fascist Italy—has not decreased since the Battle of Adowa. Only the other day it found an echo in the high and boastful words of Hailé Selassié when addressing his troops.

Haters of all rule, treacherous, and with a lust for murder and plunder, Abyssinians were and are still one of the most dangerous people in the world to deal with. Among the lawless tribes, advocates of the abolition of slavery and other social reforms are looked upon with especial detestation.

REFORMERS MURDERED

Mr. Plowden, the first British Consul, appointed some years before hostilities began, tried with another Briton to bring about such reforms. They were both murdered for their pains.

Difficulties between Britain and Abyssinia commenced upon the advent of Mr. Plowden's successor, Captain Cameron. The new Consul was charged with the negotiation of a treaty to improve trading relations and to provide for British jurisdiction over British subjects. The Emperor Theodore, usurper and cruel tyrant, and one whose insolence to Britain's representative knew no bounds, expected to treat with European sovereigns on equal terms. He insisted, with regard to the extra territorial clause of the treaty, that all British subjects should stand upon the same footing as natives.

The famous letter to Queen Victoria asking for aid against the Turks was sent to England on October 31, 1862. Earl Russell, the Foreign Secretary, did not read Amharic, so he endorsed the letter without taking any trouble to find out its contents and sent it to the India Office, where it was pigeon-holed.

As no reply reached Abyssinia, the British there found themselves in an increasingly perilous situation. Cameron was ordered to return to the consulate on the coast. "So your Queen," declared the enraged Emperor, "can give you letters to go and visit my enemies the Turks, but she cannot send a civil answer to my letter to her."

Another missive which Theodore had sent to the Emperor of the French was at that time answered. As the reply offended the Abyssinian potentate, he tore it into pieces, trampled on them and defied the power of Napoleon III!

It was now the turn of three missionaries—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Stern and Mr. Rosenthal. They had foolishly aspersed the Emperor for his cruelties

and vices. They were publicly tried for high treason and condemned to death. The sentence was, however, not carried out.

A month later Stern and his servants were ordered to be beaten. The servants died the same night and Stern's life was despaired of. Every white man in Gondar, the then capital, was arrested. Before he was incarcerated, Consul Cameron managed to send an S.O.S. to Whitehall in the form of a brief message which contained these words: "No release until an answer is sent to the letter to the Queen." Theodore's letter was eventually found. Meanwhile, the mental anguish of the captives whose lives depended upon the caprice of a despot was not less intolerable than the physical discomforts.

ENVOY ARRESTED

When Britain entrusted, at last, the reply to the Emperor's letter to the hands of a Turk named Rassam who had become a naturalised British subject, the latter was arrested and there followed one of the most decisive of Britain's colonial wars.

So successful indeed was the campaign that despite the rigours of the climate, about which we hear so much to-day, and the comparatively primitive military organisation of those days, not a single British life was lost.

Ten thousand British and Indian troops were landed at Zula, not far from the present Italian base at Massowah in Eritrea. Only one division, commanded by Sir Robert Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala), which included the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the King's Liverpool Regiment and the Cameron Highlanders and was supplied with only fifteen days' rations, advanced through 400 miles of mountainous country.

ATTACK ON MAGDALA

Men who had been for many hours without food or water, on April 10, 1868, swooped upon Theodore's almost impregnable fortress of Magdala, a citadel situated on a huge, steep and isolated mass of basalt 3,300 feet high, to which he had removed from Gondar.

The Abyssinians made a gallant attack, but owed their defeat to modern artillery fire. Theodore, after ordering the butchery of 300 recalcitrant tribesmen who had been captured, committed suicide. Magdala was burnt to the ground after the British captives had been delivered.

To-day the Italians are making use of the roads constructed by the British Army in Eritrea sixty-six years ago. It is also the belief of competent military observers that if Mussolini decides to attack Abyssinia, one of his fighting fronts will lie between Axum and Adigrat on Lord Napier's road.

The Impossible League

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

IN this age which prides itself on reason, in which the possession of intelligence is generally supposed to militate against the profession of Faith, men behave with a lunacy and a cruelty unknown to those who sacrificed their children to Moloch and flung their dearest to the flames in order to avert evil from themselves. While in the name of humanitarianism our incomes are taxed from us, and in the name of the brotherhood of mankind, war is declared the foulest of abominations, more than a quarter of a million persons are killed or injured in our streets annually, ten times the total casualties of the three years of the Boer War.

And the cause of this great slaughter serves no useful end, beyond that of slight convenience, that could not be served by the railways, which in 1934 carried 96,000,000 persons to every one killed in a railway accident. In other words, the use of the motor car causes in every civilised country more individual suffering and more tragedy than a war. In the United States the annual total of those killed or injured by motor cars rises to about a million, more than our annual casualties at the height of the Great War. Yet though in England there is such outcry against war, the responsibility for which cannot be pinned down to each individual "man in the street," no one dares suggest the abolition of the petrol engine, for that

would be to interfere with the convenience of each individual.

In brief, in this kindest and most progressive of ages, a little speed and comfort in transit means more to the populace than the saving of many thousands of lives each year, and yet, while *individuals* remain as indifferent and as callous as any in the dark ages, it is believed possible to alter to the pitch of revolution the mentality and the outlook of *nations*, and to effect by the pitiable machinery of the League of Nations a conversion to selflessness and spirituality on the part of masses that is not attempted—much less achieved—by persons.

While the psychology of the individual remains basically barbaric, we are asked to believe that the psychology of nations can, by sending representatives to Geneva, be transmuted to the pure gold of loving kindness.

On the twenty-second of March, 1921, I said in the House of Commons, "Then we have got the League of Nations, a most amiable project, a consummation devoutly to be desired, a sublime ideal if you like, but is it practicable? How can it be? It seems to me that unless you can accomplish the impossible—the unification of the psychology of mankind—the League is bound to disappoint the hopes of its supporters." And to-day, when the hopes of its supporters are reduced to pure farce,

the essential difficulty is still far from generally understood.

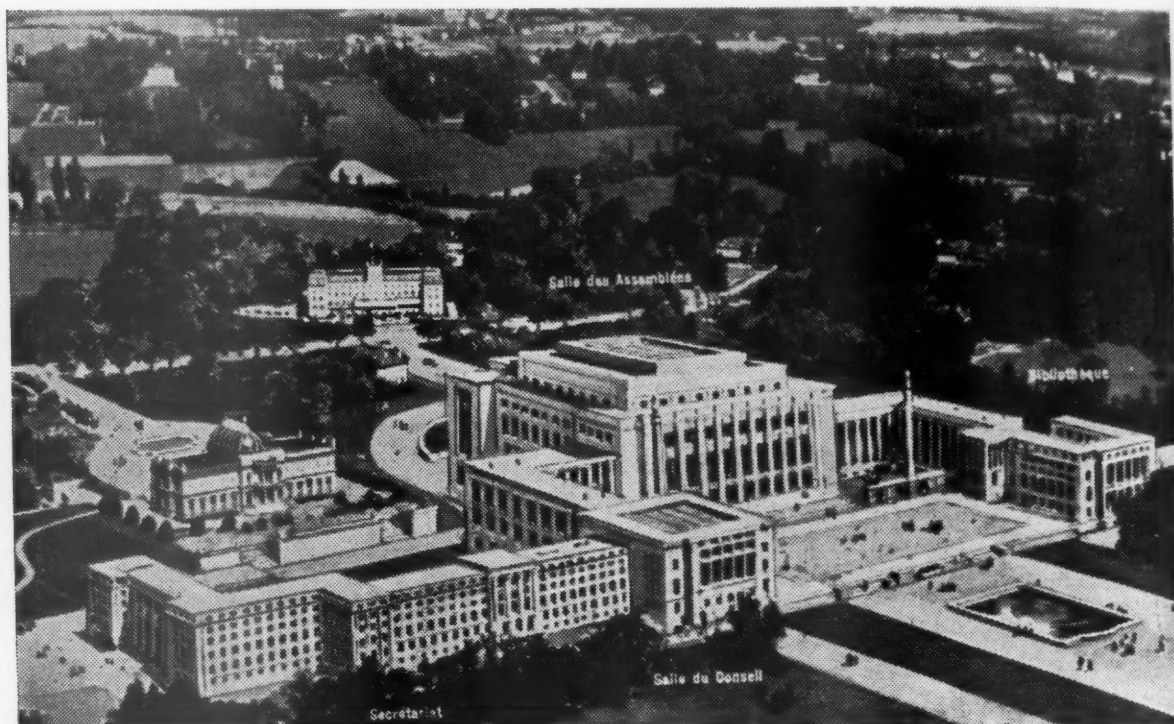
An innate conceit causes each man to imagine others in his own likeness, and our very geographical position makes it the more difficult for Englishmen to appreciate, not only the vital differences in national character, but—a fact even more certainly damning to any such ideas as that of the League of Nations—the widely unequal stages of development of the different nations.

In Europe alone centuries of experience—and therefore of difference in outlook and development—separate the different countries, nor need we search the troubled lands of south eastern Europe for our examples. By the sixteenth century, for instance, England, France and Spain had become united nations, and each remained united under one sovereign in spite of the religious stress of the

striking that may be found. When it is remembered that descriptions of his experiences by a recent traveller in Abyssinia include frequent references to men wearing about their necks trophies from the bodies of their late enemies and that Abyssinia is also a member of the League, it only remains to wonder what will be the precise end of Mr. Anthony Eden, our three thousand pound Minister for League of Nations affairs!

Indeed, as has been well written, it is only the fact of our favoured circumstances that explains our earnest folly in supporting the League—a folly nowhere else apparent. England, it may be truly said, alone of countries, has—despite our late great sacrifice—forgotten the very nature of war.

The true terror of invasion has faded from the very memory of our race, for not since 1542, when a handful of Frenchmen potted ineffectually



British taxpayers help to maintain this expensive white elephant, the League of Nations palace at Geneva.

Reformation. To their pride in their new-found sense of nationality and strength must be attributed not a little both of the turmoil and the magnificence of the sixteenth century. From its new pride flowered, in our own land, both Drake and Sidney, Elizabeth and Shakespeare.

But not until the nineteenth century, considerably less than one hundred years ago, did Germany and Italy emerge from a bundle of petty states as united nations, and their mentality to-day is that which excited the maturer countries three hundred and fifty years ago.

This example alone is enough to convince a thoughtful mind of the unparalleled absurdity of attempting to treat nations on the assumption that they are either alike or equal, yet it is the least

about the south coast for a few days, has a foreign enemy set foot on English soil, and we have gaily broken our Navy only because of our unconscious belief that its very shade will protect us. As an acute French observer remarked, while America builds her Navy we smile, and ask, "Yes, but how can she find a match for our men?"

Charles Dickens summed up exactly our real attitude when he made Miss Pross exclaim, "You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer. Nevertheless you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman!" And the sooner we revert to the simple honesty of that attitude, which other nations can understand and respect, and the better it will be for the world, and that unique league of nations—the British Empire.

RACING

The Nursery and Backbone of Racing

By David Learmonth

I READ a suggestion by a correspondent to a newspaper the other day and it raised some ideas in my mind. He pointed out that the racing on some courses was of very much better quality than it was on others and he asked, pertinently as he thought, why these courses could not be graded and a maximum charge for admission fixed for each grade. After all, he argued, why should the public be expected to pay the same price to see bad horses run at Little Muddingham as to see better horses race at Sandown Park, and he appealed for equity and fair play. The public, he said, were being exploited, the "vested interests" were fattening themselves on the immutable laws of an oligarchy.

This sounded very well indeed and would have been a clarion cry to every sportsman if it had been true. But truth is often very different from the implication which a writer tries to draw from the enunciation of a series of facts. In the first place, the originator of this suggestion, so sound on paper, omitted to ask himself who are the people who patronise these smaller fixtures. He was talking about those who travel the meetings regularly, in other words, the professional or semi-professional element. These are hardly the racing public, nor are they the element for which the small country meetings cater.

The Sporting Spirit

The ordinary man who stays at home and treats racing from an academic standpoint, as I have little doubt does this correspondent, has no knowledge whatever of the spirit which actuates the promoters of country racecourses. Very few of them were started with the idea of making a profit. On the other hand their inauguration was due almost entirely to the sporting spirit which prevailed in the neighbourhood, which felt that the district would be disgraced if it could not boast of a course of its own. This spirit is the backbone of racing; for ninety per cent. of the country dwellers who now visit the more important meetings were initiated into the sport at their local event.

Small country meetings do not cater for the stranger. They are got up for the entertainment of those on the spot. In the members' enclosure the majority of the visitors are people who are staying at house parties near by, while a large number of those in other rings are staying in humbler circumstances with local tradesmen and farmers, who look upon the fixture as a great sporting event which will enable them to entertain their friends and who, in turn pay them visits to enjoy similar fare.

There is also, of course, the large number of people of all classes who come from nearby, or from

reasonable distances, who fully realise that, not being able to command the immense crowds of the fashionable meetings, their local fixture, of which they are intensely proud, must necessarily charge the same entrance money as more important events without being able to offer such glittering prizes.

This, I think, disposes of the argument that racecourses should be classified and certain of them penalised in the matter of entrance money. It would have been a better argument had it been true. But, in fact, all racecourses do not charge the same.

There are many small and sporting fixtures to which it costs very much less to get in than it does to the more important meetings. Take, for example, those very sporting jumping meetings in Devonshire. Here determination to have a racecourse near the town has been the governing factor and a tremendous amount of work is done by voluntary enthusiasts. They are only too pleased if the time they have put in after finishing their work results in a successful meeting, and seek no other reward.

Local Rivalry

There is intense rivalry between their own race meetings and those of a nearby town and, while doing nothing unfair to influence entries in their direction or to persuade owners and trainers not to enter elsewhere, they strive hard to provide better going and more facilities than their neighbours.

Who can say that this is not all to the good of the sport? Many first rate jockeys have been nurtured in such an atmosphere, many extensive owners have first become bitten with the sport by having a few horses with a local trainer with probably no more intention than competing at their home meeting. Some have achieved fame; others have fallen by the wayside, but that is another story.

The fact of the matter is that value for money in racing does not depend entirely on the class of horse competing and the size of the fields divided by what one has to pay to get in, but on a number of intangible factors.

One of these is convenience. If one likes an occasional day's racing and lives in the country, it is much more convenient to attend one's local meeting than to make a journey to London.

Also, and this is a very important consideration, one meets all one's friends and a number of one's friends' friends. The occasional racing man, it must be remembered, does not know all the "heads," and he likes a little social life between races. So do the "heads" for that matter. Human nature is much the same in every walk of life.

"If an aggression should take place directed against ourselves we should be unable to secure our sea communications or the food of our people."

THE BETRAYAL LINE

SO reads the text of the Government White Paper on Defence which was issued on March 11th over the signature of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. In the House of Lords on June 26th Lord Lloyd rightly characterised this phrase as the most terrible admission he had ever heard.

Five months have passed since that White Paper was issued. When it appeared it seemed as if it might be a prelude to immediate measures towards strengthening our defences. Some steps have been taken with regard to the Royal Air Force, but, so far from anything being done to safeguard our sea communications and the food of the people, Mr. Baldwin made it clear at the time that the increases in the Air Force were announced that no immediate strengthening of the Navy was contemplated.

THE VITAL LINK

Does this inaction brand the words of the White Paper as an exaggeration of the true position?

The development of cables, wireless, and aircraft has in no way robbed our sea communications of their vital importance. Until aircraft can be designed capable of carrying thousands of tons of cargo for thousands of miles the surface of the sea must remain the medium for the passage of trade. To a maritime Empire, scattered all over the globe, as is the British Empire, sea communications must be of absolutely vital importance. The British Empire may be likened to the human body. It lives by the ebb and flow of trade—its life blood—through arteries and veins. These arteries and veins are the Empire trade routes—sea routes all—85,000 miles of them. The severance of one of these must lead to the withering of some part of the Empire, and it might well lead to the loss of so much of the life blood of trade that Great Britain, the heart of this vast organism, would cease to exist. The disruption of the whole Empire would, in such an event, be swift and inevitable.



A busy scene at the quay side. Britain is

The extent to which Great Britain is dependent upon its sea communications is not readily understood. The bitter lessons of 1917 seem to have been forgotten. The feeding of the population of Great Britain entails the arrival at our ports of, on the average, one hundred and fifty ships carrying 50,000 tons of foodstuffs every day in the year.

The Royal Navy is the only possible means of defence for the trade routes along which travels this food, enormous quantities of raw materials, and the exports by which these imports are paid



A long queue outside a margarine factory in January, 1918. These people waited hours to get two ounces only.

YAL of the BREAD

By Lieut.-Commander
KENNETH EDWARDS, R.N.
(retired)



side. Britain imports 50,000 tons of foodstuff every day.

for. Is our Navy strong enough to give security to the trade of the Empire? If it is the Government's White Paper was an alarmist publication. If it is not the British Empire is at the mercy of any aggressor.

In 1917 the German submarine attack upon our trade brought us to within a very few days of having to admit defeat. In our fleet we then had over one hundred cruisers and three hundred destroyers. And we had the services of a large number of the ships of our allies.

After the war Lord Jellicoe, whose responsibility it had been to defeat the unrestricted warfare of the

German submarines, stated positively that the minimum peace time requirement of the Navy was seventy cruisers.

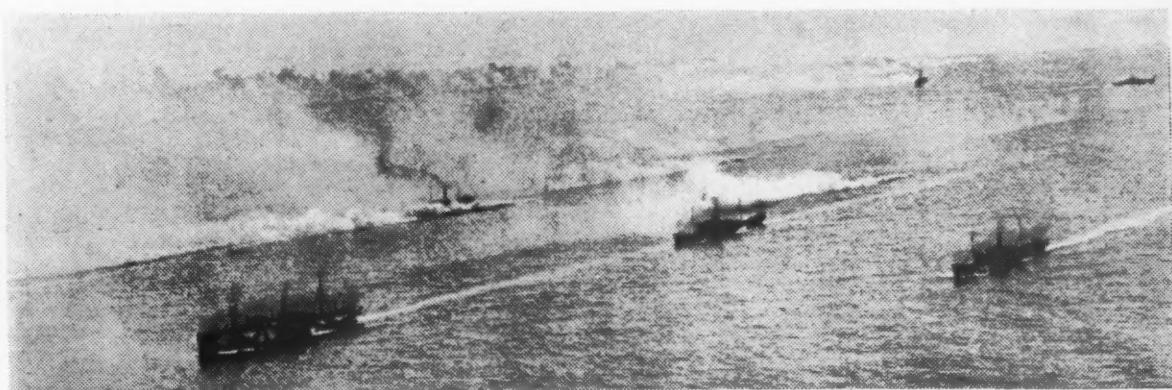
This, Lord Jellicoe said, was an "irreducible minimum." Yet in 1930 Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in defiance of his technical advisers, decided to reduce this figure by thirty per cent. The London Naval Treaty allowed us, therefore, only fifty cruisers. At the same time we were rationed on a basis of just over 100 destroyers.

NO SECURITY

Moreover, the London Naval Treaty contained a number of special and one-sided clauses which have had an even more disastrous effect upon our cruiser strength than the main rationing terms of the Treaty. As a result the Navy will next year have only thirty-five modern cruisers—exactly half the number said by Lord Jellicoe to be the absolute minimum for security. In the event of war we should have to earmark three cruiser squadrons for fleet operations. There would thus remain 17 modern cruisers for trade defence—one cruiser to guard 5,000 miles of trade routes And in destroyers we now have only just over sixty modern ships—to do the work for which 300 were found to be insufficient during the War . . .

There is another most serious aspect of the problem of the defence of trade. At the end of the War we had an Auxiliary Patrol service consisting of over 3,700 ships. Of this total nearly 3,000 was made up by trawlers and drifters. A great many of these were employed as mine-sweepers, keeping the channels clear of mines for the passage of our shipping. Others were employed in the direct protection of trade as escorts, patrols, and submarine hunters.

The condition into which the fishing industry has fallen since the war makes it certain that comparatively few of these vessels would be available for admiralty work in the event of future crisis. In other words, the responsibility of the Royal Navy has been increased by the effects of depression upon the fishing and shipping industries, and at the same time the Royal Navy itself has been



One of the few photos taken during the war of a convoy of food ships

whittled down so that it is doubtful indeed whether it can discharge its former responsibilities, let alone cope with any increase in them.

The British Admiralty were not slow in realising that the true effect of the London Treaty was to deprive them of the means for carrying out their first duty to the nation—that of securing the sea communications of the Empire. The London Treaty was signed towards the end of April 1930. In November 1933, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald stated that "if Service advice had been followed the escalator clause would have been brought into operation eighteen months ago." Now the "escalator clause" had been inserted in the Treaty at the instance of the Admiralty to provide a way of escape from the limitations of the Treaty in the event of building by non-treaty powers having a marked effect upon security. The fact that this clause was not invoked in May, 1932 shows that what the Admiralty had deemed to be a safeguarding clause was worth nothing at all in the eyes of the politicians.

The reason why the Admiralty asked for the invocation of the "escalator clause" of the naval treaties in 1932 was the increase in construction abroad of types of warships peculiarly suited to attack on trade. So far from accepting the British recommendation that submarines should be abolished, more than one nation increased its submarine forces to an extent which made our Admiralty experts feel it necessary to press for more cruisers and destroyers.

POPULAR SUBMARINE

The last decade has seen a very large increase in submarine construction practically throughout the world. So far from being a discredited weapon, the submarine is definitely increasing in popularity in foreign navies. And this tendency has been given a decided fillip by the terms of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement signed on June 18th last, for this agreement recognised the right of Germany to parity with the British Empire in the total tonnage of her submarine forces.

But the submarine is by no means the only menace to seaborne trade. The fact that surface raiders did not do fatal damage to our trade during the last war was simple, because the "containing strategy" of the British Navy was so efficient. Now the Navy has been so reduced that it is doubtful whether it could again conduct a blockade with anything like the same efficiency. Therefore the task of the Royal Navy in the defence of our trade is complicated to a degree upon which it is terrible to reflect.

The principle convoy has been proved to be an adequate defence against submarine attack upon trade. In such cases comparatively weak escorts have the power of giving security. But the sailing of ships in convoy is playing into the hands of a surface raider unless the convoy escort is stronger than any raider likely to be encountered. The scale is, of course, progressive, until one finds it necessary to protect a convoy with the battlefleet.

But it is not necessary to consider extreme cases to realise the danger into which our trade routes

have been plunged by the weakening of our Navy in a spirit of utter indifference to developments abroad.

A glance at the German fleet which will shortly—very shortly—be in commission under the terms of the recent agreement shows that she will not only possess the means of attack upon trade from under the sea, but will have ships peculiarly fitted to act the part of surface raiders in defiance of any escort or patrol which our present Navy could provide.

PARALYSING TRADE

The effect of even one of Germany's "pocket battleships" upon our vital trade routes would be almost paralysing. These ships are more powerful than any cruiser, and have sufficient speed to out-manceuvre any capital ship except our three battlecruisers. Two of these are already nineteen years old, and in any case their absence from the fleet would cause a weakening of 20 per cent. in the main fleet. Even if this had to be accepted there would only be the three ships to do the work. How many ships did it take to round up the *Emden*—to say nothing of the *Dresden* after the battle of the Falkland Islands?

The example of Germany has been followed elsewhere. During the years in which the British Navy has been neglected in the interests of economy and unilateral disarmament, every other nation has been building ships which, whether designed for that express purpose or not, have the ability to strike at the arteries of our existence to a degree never before attained in surface warship design. And still the British Navy is tied by treaty obligations. Not only do we do nothing to remedy the situation, but we are proposing to carry out the letter of moribund treaties to the extent of scrapping ships which, in default of newer and better vessels, might well stand between us and starvation. There appears to be a great reluctance in high places to realise the truth—that foreign naval construction, not so much in numbers as in type—has gone as far, if not further, towards the jeopardising of the "bread line" of the Empire, than did the naval treaties themselves.

Even a cursory glance at our naval forces, taking into due consideration their age, makes it clear that the words of the White Paper were no exaggeration. And in the five months which have passed since the publication of that document the danger has increased almost beyond calculation. And still there are ballot-blinded people who disagree with Lord Lloyd when he says:—"Naval security is far more important than naval limitation, and it is the first duty of any Government to give it."

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the "Saturday Review" from their news-agents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, "Saturday Review," 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Naturalists in Jersey

By Eric Hardy, F.Z.S.

FOR a fortnight this summer the British Empire Naturalists' Association—which was founded just thirty years ago by that great Norfolk nature-lover, the late E. Kay Robinson—held a great gathering of nature-lovers in Jersey, that picturesque part of the Channel Islands which nature-lovers are apt to forget is one of the richest haunts of wild life in the British Empire. Under the leadership of Mr. E. R. Casimir, honorary secretary of the Jersey branch of the B.E.N.A., the Empire naturalists visited most of the haunts of rare things on this well-known island.

On the slopes of the bay at Crabbe the nestling herring-gulls created much interest, though visitors not used to hilly country doubted the island naturalists' definition of a "gentle slope" above the gully, and preferred to call it a "gentle precipice." The countryside delighted English botanists in being rich in wild flowers rare, or even unknown, in the British mainland, for the island forms about the northernmost limit of the Mediterranean and North African flora area. The English or Five-Spotted Catchfly, whose white or pink flowers are really a rarity in our countryside, was in profusion nearly everywhere the naturalists went, while the very rare variety of this flower, called scientifically "quinquevulnera," which few of the visitors, experts though they were, had seen before, was also noted.

Floral Slopes

Others of the beautiful wild flowers that charmed the visitors during the study of the island were the Spotted Rock-Rose, plentiful on the seaside slopes, the French Pink and the Proliferous Pink, Clustered Trefoil Four-Leaved Allseed, Fragrant Evening Primrose, Spreading Star-Thistle, Evergreen Alkanent, and many more too numerous to mention.

Rambling from St. Brelades to Corbiere under the leadership of Mr. Keith Baal, an enthusiastic Jersey naturalist, the party was confronted by a particularly bad-tempered dog after the special weather forecast issued for them had proved slightly erroneous. So obstinate became *Canis familiaris* that the naturalists were forced to make a wide detour over some more of the "gentle slopes" (which most of the visitors called cliffs), but in doing so they were delighted to find a particularly lovely patch of the rare Jersey Bugloss, which is to be found nowhere else in Britain. Bird life was particularly evident when the Reverend Père Burdos lead the party from Plemont to the "Pinnacle," a rock reaching 200 feet above sea-level, and ornithologists enjoyed close-up studies of the peregrine falcon, ravens, those curious little, black and white sea birds of the

rabbit-holes, called puffins, rows of guillemots and razorbills nesting on the ledges of the cliffs, and, further on, the oyster-catchers nesting.

Jersey is not lacking in the nature-sanctuary movement which has become such a feature of English thought in the last twenty years, and in the pretty valley of Belle Hougue, Jersey naturalists, and most particularly Mr. H. J. Baal, president of the Jersey branch of the British Empire Naturalists' Association, have done so much to preserve wild life on the best ideals. Geologically, Jersey resembles France mostly, but in parts Devon and Cornwall, and granite is its predominating feature. The quarries and cliffs brought forth much interesting comment from the Empire geologists, and in fact it was while on a visit to the quarries near Gorey Castle that the beautiful Hyssop-Leaved Loosestrife was found. Granite covers the north coast from Rouge Nez to St. John's Bay with its pre-Cambrian assemblage, then comes another mass of granite at the south-west corner. Raised beaches exist to prove Jersey once stood some 100 feet lower than it does to-day, and near St. Helier submerged forests at the sea prove that the island also stood higher, so that its history has not been without its ups and downs.

A Rare Find

On the sand-dunes, the party was shown that very rare parasitic flower, the Yellow Broomrape, by Mr. Attenborough, which grows no nearer this part of the British Isles than Spain, and here also was seen the beautiful Marsh-Helleborine Orchid and the Sea-Scabious, rarities elsewhere in the British Isles.

In the praises of the British countryside, the unrivalled countryside of Jersey is too often forgotten. It is the finest of our natural nature sanctuaries and beauty spots, and if it is not entitled to be called part of the English countryside, it is certainly part of the British countryside. Many Continental and North Africa plants grow here, but no further north, and as many as forty species of wild flower can be found blooming in December, so genial and equable is the climate.

Birds, reptiles and butterflies include many species that are not inhabitants of England, and the region round St. Ouen's Bay is probably the richest in wild flowers. But the nature of the island not to be separated from that of England. The American rush (*Scirpus americanus*) which grows in St. Ouen's Pond, Jersey, has been transported by wild birds to a slack on the Lancashire dunes at Freshfield, near Southport, where there is now a large and flourishing colony; but these two are the only stations of the plant in the British Isles. Jersey is the beauty spot and nature paradise of the British Isles.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Wanted: A Real Conservative Party"

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—May I as a continual reader of the *Saturday Review*, add my humble admiration of the views you express, and congratulate you on your very plucky uphill fight against the dangerous policy (to say the least of it) of the present Government, which is doing, and has done, a very great deal of harm? As a retired captain of the P. & O. Company I have travelled all over the world; I can only say that a very great majority of the English men and women I have met are thoroughly disgusted with the surrender policy of this present Government and with Mr. Baldwin, as a so-called Conservative, who has neither carried out Conservative nor Imperial principles. When the next election takes place Mr. Baldwin will, I consider, get the shock of his life; he will certainly not have the support of a very large number of true Conservatives, as he has let them down badly.

It is a very great pity that a real Conservative party cannot be formed, before the election takes place, advocating the old Conservative principles. There would be a very large number of the true class of Conservatives voting for it. When it is considered how the Defence Forces of this country have been let down, the surrender of India, the pampering to Communists and Socialists by all the present Cabinet Ministers, it is no wonder a great number of men and women will not vote for the National Government again.

SHIPLEY C. WARNER,
Late Commander, R.M.S. "Malaya."

Ship Hotel, Swanage.

What are We Coming To?

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—What is this country coming to? I am sending you the enclosed cutting as I feel you and your paper are the only people who could adequately comment on this from the point of view of those who still have the interests of our great Empire at heart.

This cutting is from the *Daily Worker*, and I have no doubt that it is typical of the announcements that appear in that paper.

J. S. MURPHY.

Guards' Club, Brook Street, W.1.

**LONDON COMMUNISTS SEIZE
RIVER STEAMER**

The "ISLE OF ARRAN," with a full cargo of Bolsheviks, will sail for

SOUTHEND ON SUNDAY, JULY 21,
Leaves Tower Pier 10.0 a.m. Calls also at North Woolwich
Return trip leaves Southend 7.0 p.m.

Music and Dancing and Fun Fair on Board.
Shrimp Tea at Southend.

Admission to Famous Kursaal Pleasure Grounds
Tickets 6/6 inclusive. Children (under 14) 3/6.

How Many Would There Be?

YOUR LADYSHIP,—As one who has suffered harsh treatment at the hands of the "National" Government, I should like to ask in all sincerity whether Conservatism stands for democracy or a dictatorship? I sometimes think I had better accept your Ladyship's offer of a single ticket to Russia and be amongst real "Bolshies" instead of amongst such Conservatives as we have in the Baldwin-MacDonald-Lansbury Soviet. I try to keep myself in control by holding street parliaments, and on my platform I use the Union Jack cut from the *Saturday Review*. I am not going to let my flag get pulled down or I shall be letting down my pals whose names are inscribed on little blocks of stone "somewhere in France."

I think it is high time that the Conservatives and the Socialist-Conservative hangers-on should be purged, and

I should like to see your Ladyship publish a list of honourable Conservatives so that at the General Election we shall know the wolves in sheep's clothing.

H. W. WALLIS.

Canterbury Terrace, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale.

The Useless League

SIR,—The "National" Government's frenzied support of Abyssinia and the League of Nations against Britain's friend and war ally, Italy, is enough to make the gods or the cats laugh in derision at human folly and inconsistency.

Was it not Britain herself who found herself forced into war with the Abyssinians long before the Italians met with disaster at Adowa? And was it not Britain and one of the Dominions who strenuously opposed Abyssinia's admission to the League on the ground that she was not sufficiently civilised to be included among Nations with a real sense of responsibility?

Yet here we have a British Cabinet getting fearfully "het up" because Mussolini does not wholly trust Abyssinian good faith and is obviously convinced that the time has come to teach the Abyssinians a lesson!

Our long friendship with Italy is forgotten. Our Edens and Hoares find it necessary to harangue the Duce as if he were a naughty schoolboy who needs stern reproof. Abyssinia is encouraged to regard herself as the really aggrieved party and a model of propriety. Italy is shown up as the villain of the piece.

And why? Simply because the "National" Government feels the League of Nations must be buttressed up at all costs or it will entirely cease to exist.

The points that need to be considered are whether, in the first place, anything the British Government can do can save the already moribund League from extinction and, secondly, whether the saving of the League is really worth the labour and sacrifice involved.

What benefit can this League be to us or anybody else if by supporting it we lose all our old friends?

We have already done something to antagonise Japan, we have caused, and are causing, considerable resentment to Italy, and goodness knows what other evil this futile championing of a discredited League will entail for us.

H. J. ATKINSON.

Park Lane.

Full Dress for Line Regiments

SIR,—Your remarks on Army recruiting are much to the point. "Pacifism" is being drilled into our youth and they prefer to draw the dole and watch football rather than do an honest bit of soldiering in the Regular or Territorial Armies.

By the way, it is high time the Line Regiments were once more allowed the privilege of wearing full dress with traditional facings for ceremonial and "walking out." A man's turn-out engenders a feeling of *esprit de corps* and stimulates recruiting. Keep drab khaki for service wear. "Show the flag!" and encourage the wearing of uniform by men on furlough in towns and villages. It is false economy to withhold full dress.

R. V. STEELE (Capt.).

Penrhyn Lodge,
Gloucester Gate, N.W.1.

Those Posters

SIR,—Judging from the posters I have seen this week in London, "Who is the Liar?" it would appear that you have won the first round in the fight against Government interference. Perhaps the public will soon wake up to the fact that we want and must have a real Conservative leader if this country is to be saved.

A. WALTON.

Croydon.

CORRESPONDENCE

"When the Lion is Old—"

SIR,—As one who soldiered in India from 1914 to 1919, I should like to express my disgust at the apathy in this country on the question of the India Bill. It is a colossal betrayal of every man who has helped to build up and strengthen the greatest monument of wise and just government the world has known—the British Raj.

The power of the Raj—a glorious and benign power of which a hundred examples leap to my mind—was based on the loyalty of the Indian peoples. May I, Sir, repeat this, on the loyalty of the Indian peoples—a loyalty, not engendered by fear, not purchased by weak concessions, but born out of generations of just, resolute and beneficent rule. Our catch-penny politicians, those puny Neros who would fiddle an Empire away, cannot hope to comprehend this. To the Oriental mind, the concession of powers, the handing over of authority, can only mean a *disinclination to rule at all*. That, to my mind, was the tragedy of allowing this Bill to become law. To weaken the Raj means to destroy it, and with it, the loyalty of the Indian peoples.

I look back to those many great Sahibs under whom I had the honour to serve, both Civil and Military, from Governors-General of Provinces to regimental officers, and in them all I see the same great spirit that actuated all the previous generations of British rulers of India. With little or no hope of material gain, they have been inspired by a high sense of duty, unflinching courage and a genuine love for their task. They stand out to me like giants against the prattling politicians here.

To the Pathan, the Sikh, the Ghurka—to all the many races of India—they and their like are the appointed rulers; they are the Raj. They possess all the qualities which most appeal to these peoples—and *they rule*, they do not haggle.

What can take their place? What will take the place of the Raj? When the lion is sick, or wounded, or old—*enter the jackals!*

ERNEST H. ORGAN.

18, Canham Road,
South Norwood.

Navy or Air Force?

SIR,—With reference to a letter "Navy or Air Force" signed H. Costerton, your correspondent states that ships are now back numbers. I suppose the sailors (I am proud to be one of them) who man our ships are also back numbers.

During the War a newspaper publicly recommended for our after dinner grace the words: "Thank God and the British Navy for our good dinner. Amen." We then realised our dependence for our very existence on Sea Power.

There is not space to prove the air terror a delusion; to show the almost negligible buoyancy of the air compared with water; the instability of the air, and other disabilities and limitations of aircraft.

With reference to bombs, what was the achievement of the hundreds of aeroplanes used in 4½ years of war at a cost of hundreds of millions?

The Germans dropped bombs on London, 120 miles away from their bases, while 60 miles from their bases, thousands of British ships carrying inevitable defeat to Germany presented themselves as targets.

How many of these ships were bombed effectually? Not one. Why? I could mention London Docks, Dunkirk, and Zbrugge which were not even inconvenienced: again why?

Sea power is our very all, and that means ships not twenty years out of date, or half a Navy, but modern ships. We must start building now, even if it costs us one hundred and fifty millions. Aircraft, of course, are essential, but can only be an accessory to the Navy or the Army.

H. E. BICKLEY

The Watch House,
Smarden, Kent.

(Master Mariner).

India: The Lost Dominion

SIR,—“Patriot” is quite right about the trafficking in women and children in India. It has been difficult to check to this day, and will have an enormous revival when law and order are “transferred.” But there is more than this.

Debt slavery is recognised in India by ancient custom. A servant has to borrow money from his master for marriage or other occasion. For this purpose he undertakes to serve without wages until the debt is paid off.

Of course, it never is paid off and he is thus in bondage for life—not only so, but the debt and bondage is carried on from generation to generation.

Of course, under our laws the bond-slave has always been free to go away, but he has been bound by penury, ignorance and reverence for custom, believing that the bond was lawful and any breach criminal.

Persistent efforts have been made under very great difficulty by the British administrative to abolish this custom, and many able reports on the subject have been published in Government Presses in India.

I personally remember many cases. About 1908 the bond-slave of a Parsi “squatter” ran away; his master sought to fasten a false charge of theft upon him, and so far as the local native police station officer was concerned, he would have succeeded.

About 1922 the bond-slave of a Hindu headman in the Carnatic ran away, was re-captured and mercilessly beaten, and hanged himself. All this customary debt-slavery is bound to revive.

Those whose names shine forth at the head of anti-slavery societies, but are foremost in transferring law and order in India, have certainly to answer a charge of hypocrisy.

O. C. G. HAYTER

(Indian Police, Retired).

Bellfield, Monreith,
Wigtownshire.

Stop Meddling

SIR,—Mr. Baldwin, our Prime Minister, tells us that the sheet anchor of his Government is the League of Nations at Geneva. Why? Surely it would be better to mind our own business.

A gentleman just returned from Italy writes in the *Evening Standard* of Monday that the net result of two months' British diplomacy on the Abyssinian question is the loss of Italy's friendship without any compensating gain. Why should this be so?

In the days of Garibaldi, which some remember, Italy appealed to England, and certainly not in vain, for no more popular figure ever appeared in the London streets.

Mr. Baldwin was himself formerly a commercial man. He must, therefore, recognise the obvious truth that nothing is so bad for business as meddling in other people's affairs.

J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

The Mount,
Northwood.

Tribute to a Patriot

SIR,—About two years ago Lord Castlerosse in the *Sunday Express* said that Lady Houston had acquired the *Saturday Review*. As I had long been an admirer of that lady's patriotic actions, I have never missed an issue since. I would give all other papers up before this one. This is a well-known Bolshevik town, but there are some good Tories among the working class and I am never tired of telling them of Lady Houston's sayings and doings as they appear in the *Saturday Review*.

J. A. WILKINSON.

24, Castle Street,
Nelson.

MOTORING

Touring on the Continent

By Sefton Cummings

THOUGH I am still of opinion that the English motorist is unduly harassed, a visit to the Continent makes me think that things might sometimes be worse after all. Through the walled town of St. Malo, for example, the speed limit is six kilometres or a little less than four miles per hour! Moreover, this limit is more usually observed than not, for the simple reason that it is impossible to drive faster through the narrow streets without running over some dozens of the people who swarm over the highway.

Owing to holiday crowds and inadequate pavements the pedestrian nuisance in the city of the privateers is as bad as that in any English country town on a Saturday night. But against this it must be remembered that very few cars indeed drive through the inner town. It is much easier to go round the outside of the walls, where the restriction does not apply, unless one has business within the citadel itself.

A further point is that at times when the streets are empty the limit is not enforced, provided that motorists proceed at a reasonable pace. This would probably at no time be as much as thirty miles an hour, owing to conditions which cannot be avoided; but the principle of allowing reason to take the place of a rigid limit is, I think, an important one which might well be adopted over here.

A Comparison

This is a strong argument for the abolition of limits altogether, particularly in towns where there is great congestion. In St. Malo, for example, six kilometres per hour signs exist at the gates; but they are more in the nature of a warning of what to expect than a definite limit, for the reasons I have given. As such they are understood, with the result that drivers show extreme patience and care at all times of the day.

In England, a thirty mile per hour limit, enforced by "gongsters" and secreted policemen, is apt to give motorists the idea that they have a right to drive at this pace, an erroneous view which is bound to lead to accidents. To my mind a notice which has come to mean simply that drivers are expected to behave like gentlemen is much more likely to bring about the desired result.

It may have been the hot weather, which caused many radiators to boil, but it seemed to me that the French are driving more moderately to-day than they used to do even a very few years ago. I took a long journey by motor coach while in France recently and was not frightened out of my skin once, a thing which could not have happened in

the past. Yet, though the driver never drove too fast and took great care at cross roads and corners, I detected the same old happy-go-luckiness in other respects.

In the middle of a long, straight stretch of a Route National, which corresponds to an arterial road, we temporarily broke down owing to dirt in the carburetter. Another bus came along and drew up alongside us, blocking the entire highway, while the driver got out to see if he could help. Naturally, we soon had quite a line of cars held up behind us, until the driver of the second bus condescended to move out of the way. No one, however, seemed to mind and the quiet scene was in strong contrast to the chain of expletives which would have greeted him in England. There is a lot to be said for being educated to the use of the horn!

A Knight of the Road

After we had got going again and proceeded for about a mile the driver remembered that he had forgotten to replace the detachable starting handle—his self starter did not work—and, on stopping to look, naturally found that it had fallen out on to the road. The engine was quite likely to stop again, as he had not troubled to clean the carburetter, but had contented himself with flooding it several times, so we looked like being in a nice predicament. However, a man came along in a Citroën, stopped, said he had seen a starting handle in the road about a kilometer further back, turned his car, and retrieved it for us, a piece of gallantry for which we were duly grateful.

After spending nearly four hours at our destination we returned home, to experience engine failure shortly after starting, for exactly the same reason. During all this time the driver had not troubled to clean his carburetter, preferring to hope for the best. Thus we proceeded by easy stages, stopping at intervals to flood the carburetter and wind, until the driver, deciding that this was thirsty work, halted in front of a café and announced that there would be a wait of twenty minutes, adding thoughtfully that there was a cathedral in the city if anyone cared to view it. As no one who has seen it before wants to re-visit the cathedral at Dol, no one took advantage of this offer except two lovers. These, unfortunately, quarrelled during the course of their little excursion and completed the journey haughtily on separate seats. Whether there is a moral in this I do not know; but, the day being uncommonly hot, the roads remarkably dusty, and the beer at the café quite good, I think there probably was.

New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

MR. WILLIAM GIBSON, as the result largely of belonging to an English family settled for two centuries in Russia, had a number of unusual and exciting experiences after the outbreak of the Great War.

He served in a Russian armoured car unit on the Polish front, received a St. George's decoration for gallantry against the Bulgarians, became a "super-spy" in Central Asia, found himself forced to work for the Bolsheviks when the Russian Revolution broke out, managed to get to England and be appointed to a job in the Air Ministry just before the War ended, and finally, after the War, set out on various business adventures in Turkey and Central Asia, nearly losing his life on one occasion at the hands of the Bolsheviks.

An Epic of the War

Vagueness as to dates and places detracts somewhat from the interest of his war memories, but he has one or two remarkable stories to tell. Here is his account of Russian Imperial Guards, during the retreat from Poland, marching to certain death armed only with sharpened stakes:—

"It was for me the most magnificent military spectacle of all the War, an epic attack of heroes about which Slav sagas should be sung.

"Headed by their chanting priests with crucifixes, the veterans moved forward to the attack in solid masses. They preserved the same measured gait as on the evening before, oblivious of the shot and shell which tore gaps in their ranks.

"On they pressed, slowly, relentlessly; the crucifixes crashed to the ground, but others raised them; the frenzied chanting never paused. It seemed to the Germans and Hungarians that these giants who bore down on them with pointed staves were more than human. They turned and fled by hundreds.

"Soon an astonishing state of panic disorder had broken out in the advancing corps of the enemy . . . The local commander, realising what was happening, ordered all available machine-gun units to get in position behind a ridge . . . The storm of lead from the ridge swept towards the helpless Guards. They disappeared like autumn leaves before the wind. In half an hour the last of the Russian Guards in Poland had ceased to exist. The Russian retreat began again."

Comparisons between Underworlds

A few years ago Lady Esmée Owen was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in France for shooting and wounding the wife of the man she loved.

This brought her in contact with the criminal classes, and the sympathy she displayed with her fellow convicts and certain acts of kindness she was able to perform towards them and their connections after her sentence had expired won for her, so she claims, the confidence and friendship of the underworlds not only of Paris, but of many other great cities.

In her book she gives the life history of a vast number of underworld characters and tells some

truly amazing stories of the things she has heard and seen in the course of her Paris, Marseilles, Barcelona, Buenos Aires, Berlin and Algiers adventures.

Her favourite underworld is that of Paris, where she contends the outcast from society has his own by no means low code of ethics:

Your French dweller of the Underworld is revolted by the Underworld of Berlin, with its ostentations, perversions and crude bestiality. There is nothing redeeming in this section of Berlin life. . . . It is altogether without human kindness and degraded. It breeds beasts: not men and women. Both Germany and America differ again from the Underworlds of the South American republics. These are, I think, the worst places I have ever been in. They combine the worst of both Paris and Berlin, and they have none of the best of Paris. . . . Man cannot be wholly bad—except in Berlin and Buenos Aires.

Farming as a Career

Mr. A. G. Street is not only a practical farmer who has made and does make farming pay, but he also finds time to write fascinating books about agriculture and the country-side.

His latest volume is an answer to the many enquiries he has received from fond parents seeking employment for their sons in agriculture. Most people who write to him in this strain appear to be under the impression that farming is a very simple business to learn and that it requires very little capital.

Mr. Street proceeds to disillusion them. It is, he says, useless for anyone to think of taking up farming as a business without a capital behind him of at least £2,000. Those without such capital, interested in agriculture, should, after the necessary training, seek some salaried post in the industry. The would-be farmer, if he is to make a success of the business, must serve several years' apprenticeship on a farm in addition to undergoing training at an agricultural college.

And Mr. Street adds the further warning that the modern farmer must possess strong commonsense and great adaptability, must have a good business head, be able to handle men, be ready to make quick decisions, be endowed with a vast store of practical knowledge and finally have the temperament necessary to overcome innumerable set-backs.

Salmon Fishing

The late Mr. A. H. E. Wood, of Glassel, was a noted angler who discovered a very successful method of salmon fishing known as "greased line fishing." Before he died last year he had been busy collecting material with a view to publishing a book on the subject.

This material has been handed over to "Jock Scott" and forms the basis of the book now published under his auspices by Messrs. Seeley Service and Co. Wherever possible in this book Mr. Wood's own words are quoted in explanation of the various details of his method of fishing, and anglers will appreciate the resort to very lavish illustration as a further help to their understanding of that method.

For greased line fishing it is claimed that:

It is a method of angling which presents the fly in an entirely natural manner and which ensures that the fish, having taken the fly, is soundly hooked. Further, it is a method which enables the angler to attack a particular fish, as does the chalk stream dry-fly fisherman; to observe the entire process of rising and hooking; to fish with light tackle; to learn, consciously or unconsciously, the art of watermanship—the mere watching of a floating line inevitably compels the least-observant fisherman to study the behaviour of the currents—and finally it is applicable to almost any condition of water and weather. The basic idea is to use the line as a float for, and controlling agent of, the fly; to suspend the fly just beneath the surface of the water, and to control its path in such a way that it swims diagonally down and across the stream, entirely free from the slightest pull on the line.

Hitlerite Germany

A sympathetic account of Hitlerite Germany and of Nazi aims and ambitions comes from an unexpected quarter—a lady who was formerly an active propagandist for the Independent Labour Party and still apparently clings to her Socialism.

This is Miss Margaret M. Greer who for the past four years has been English Lector at one of the North German Universities.

This close contact with latter-day Germany enables her to take a fairer and more dispassionate view of various recent developments and happenings in that country than some of her Socialist friends seem capable of entertaining or at any rate inclined to hold.

Motor Cruising

The latest volume of the Lonsdale Library of Sport is a worthy addition to an admirable series of books designed both "to help and to instruct" and to meet the wants of the experienced sportsman no less than to supply the needs of the beginner.

There are, as the editors of this volume realise, two distinct categories of motor cruising enthusiasts: the motorist who has turned to sea-motoring for pleasure in his leisure moments and the ordinary yachtsman who has discarded sail for motor power. Both these categories are fully catered for and the result is to make the volume a book invaluable to everyone who takes seriously to the sport of motor cruising.

Cricket

Mr. Thomas Moulton is to be congratulated both on the great array of talent he has mustered to help him in the writing of the cricket book he has edited and on the nice discrimination he has shown in plotting out the various sections. The result is a highly interesting and authoritative book covering every aspect of the game and written and inspired by a genuine love of it.

THE NOVELS

"Of Time and the River" is the second of a series of six books in an American saga which Mr. Thomas Wolfe has set himself to write. The first volume was entitled "Look Homeward Angel" and gave proof of Mr. Wolfe's exceptionally brilliant gifts as a novelist. The new volume is a prodigiously long one running to over nine hundred pages of by no means large print, but Mr. Wolfe somehow manages never to allow his readers' interest to flag.

Miss Ann Bridge made her reputation by two excellent novels with a Chinese background. Her latest book, if not quite up to the high standard of the other two, is written with the same charm of style and the same understanding of character.

An old woman and her horse are the principal characters in Dorothy McCleary's "Not for Heaven," and if neither is perfect, they are both very delightful to read about owing to the humour and skill with which they and their homely environment are presented to us.

"Early Portrait" is a delicately written story of Victorian days.

In "Leap Year Born" we get an attractive sequence of pictures, at four-year intervals, of the life of a heroine brought into the world on Leap Year's Day.

SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS

Russia:

"Wild Career: My Crowded Years of Adventure in Russia and the Near East," by William J. Gibson (Harrap, 8/6).

Reminiscences:

"The Sleepless Underworld," by Lady Esmée Owen (with eight sketches from life. John Long, 18/-).

Farming as a Career:

"To be a Farmer's Boy," by A. G. Street (Faber, 5/-).

Sport:

"Greased Line Fishing for Salmon" (Wood of Glassel's methods), by Jock Scott (Seeley Service, with 16 plates and 21 other illustrations, 12/6).

"Bat and Ball: A New Book of Cricket," edited by Thomas Moulton, with contributions by several well-known cricketers and writers on cricket (49 photographic and other illustrations, Arthur Barker, 15/-); "Motor Cruising," by K. N. Muller, John Irving and other writers (with five hundred illustrations, Seeley Service & Co., 21/-).

General:

"Harvest" (Tales and legends of the Varmland and four addresses), by Selma Lagerlof, translated from the Swedish by Florence and Naboth Hedin (Werner Laurie, 12/6); "Eyes Right," by Margaret M. Green (Christophers, 4/6).

FICTION

"Of Time and the River," by Thomas Wolfe (Heinemann, 10/6); "Illyrian Spring," by Ann Bridge (Chatto & Windus); "Not for Heaven," by Dorothy McCleary (Barker); "Leap Year Born," by Gwynedd Rae (Blackie); "Early Portrait," by Margaret H. Watt (Faber); "Nor Helm Nor Compass," by Snowdon Blake (Harrap); "They Followed Dancing," by John Clappen (Heinemann); "Enter Charles," by Florence Hody (Heinemann).

All the fiction 7/6 except where otherwise stated.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly*.

2/- Edinburgh & Environs	2/- Harrogate, York, Ripon
2/- The Severn Valley	2/- The Wye Valley
2/- North Wales Coast	2/- Isle of Wight
2/- Buxton and the Peak	2/- Llandudno & Colwyn Bay
2/- Chester & Llangollen Valley	2/- Llandrindod Wells & Builth
2/- Aberystwyth & Barmouth	2/- Brighton & the S. Coast
2/- Bristol, Bath & Wells	2/- Plymouth & Exeter
2/- Ilfracombe, Lynton, Clovelly	2/- Torquay & Paignton
2/- Lausanne, Geneva, Vevey, Montreux, Territet	2/-
2/- Berne, Bernese Oberland	2/- The Lake of Geneva
2/- Lucerne & Interlaken	2/- Rhone Valley & Zermatt
2/- The French Riviera	2/- The Italian Riviera
2/- Paris, Lyons, Rhone Valley	Chamonix and Environs
2/- Zurich & the Engadine	2/- St. Moritz, Davos, Pontresina
2/6 Motor-car Roadbook and the Hotels of the World	2/6

LLANGOLLEN: DARLINGTON & CO.
LONDON: FOTLES, Charing Cross Road.

LECTURES by Ralph Darlington, F.R.G.S. on Egypt, Greece, Palestine, The Upper Nile, Rhodesia, Kenya and Equatorial Africa.
R. Darlington, Llangollen.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW"

REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS

LICENSED

ABERFELDY. Perthshire.—Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA. Dumfriesshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE. Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY.—Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden. Golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH. NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST.—Kensington Hotel.—Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL.—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END. Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL. Berkshire.—Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON. Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel.—Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS. Kent.—Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD. OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS. Suffolk.—Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, dancing.

BUTTERMERE. via Cockermouth.—Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 and 15/- per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

CALLANDER. Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Peabroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF.—Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Bkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY.—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN.—Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- . Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE. Perthshire.—Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- . W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON. ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- . Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY. CORNWALL.—Sea View, Bed., 9. Annex, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON. Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, Managed by Prop. Phone: 6995.

ELY. Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20, Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- . Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Boating.

FALMOUTH. Cornwall.—The Manor House, Hotel, Budock Veau. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW. W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- . Lun., 3/- ; Din., 5/- . Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW. C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN. Worcestershire.—Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE. East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON. Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- . Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE. Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HAYWARDS HEATH. SUSSEX.—Birch Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. Golf, fishing, bathing.

HERNE BAY.—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- . Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE. Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel. High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY.—Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK. English Lakes.—The Keawick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH.—The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort, fishing, golf. H. & C.

LANWRTYD WELLS. Central Wales.—Doly-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum. £4 15/- . W.E., 30/- . Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE. Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalnally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON.—Barkston House Hotel. 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE Hotel. 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE Hotel. 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Ter. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- . Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA. 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel. Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel. St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH. Morayshire.—Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/- . Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH. N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 43. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- . Lun., 3/6 and 4/- ; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE. N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- . W.E., £1 7/- . Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/- . Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel.—Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/- . 5 hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

NEWTON STEWART. Wigtownshire.—Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON. Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W.—Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- . Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM. Surrey.—The Hauthoy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/- . Golf.

PADSTOW. Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Redcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH. Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E. from 24/- ; Lunch, 30s; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/- . Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6' mins.

PETERBOROUGH.—Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/- ; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH. Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK. WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £6. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND. Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel.—England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON. Yorks.—Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- . Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE.—Chase Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- . Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY. Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 389.

SALOP.—Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- . Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SARBOROUGH, YORKS.—Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12s. 6d. W.E., 21s. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel. Ravenscar, Bed., 66. Rec., 5. Din., 6/- . Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH Uist. Outer Hebrides.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Victoria Hotel. 16, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16. Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- . Lun., 2/- . Din., 3/6. Sup. acc. to requirements. Dn. Golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE. HANTS.—Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast 8s. 6d., double 14s. Golf, Trout fishing.

STRANRAER. Wigtownshire.—Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18. Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH. Devon.—Beach Hotel H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY. Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

ORQUAY.—The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., fr. 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- . Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM. Perthshire.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/- ; Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

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LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ gns. to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Liddington Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR Hotel, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

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REDLANDS Hotel, 9, Leinster Gardens, W.2. Tel.: Padd. 7543. Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 3/-. Garden.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Phone: Park 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

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SHAFTESBURY, Dorset. — Coombe House Hotel. — Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 4½/- to 57/-; Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W. — Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. — Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS. — Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos. — Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf. Riding.

TENBY, Pem. — Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5½ gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY. — Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road. — Bed., 80; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 9/- day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

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THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

High Summer in Canada

By G. Delap Stevenson

LIKE England, Canada is now at the height of her holiday season, and in this as in many other things she is spacious and magnificent.

Behind her centres of population lie thousands of miles of lake and forest. They are both beautiful and accessible, and their area is so wide that even the poorest can, if they wish, have solitude.

The wildness and loneliness, which in Great Britain are reserved for those who can pay to go to the Highlands, is in Canada free to anyone who cares to look for them. In addition, the fine hot summer weather, which is such a generous compensation for the harshness of the winter, means that it is possible to enjoy to the full an open air life.

It is the tradition of the country that the holidays shall be a miniature and temporary reproduction of the old pioneering days. Even the luxury hotels try to keep up something of a "log cabin" atmosphere, an artificial roughness among all modern comforts, which rather makes one think of the shepherdesses of the Trianon.

The poorer boarding houses by the lakes, however, are in fact primitive. They are possibly farmhouses, or have been built as a speculation by retired farmers, and in spite of the townspeople who fill them they remain of the countryside.

Then there are the camps, big organised ones for boys and girls more elaborate ones for rich young people, and small private camping parties.

Finally there are innumerable country cottages, roughly built of wood, some among the trees by the lake shore, others on the innumerable wooded islands. It was by travelling along the lakes that white men first penetrated Canada, and to-day, their descendants return to the water for their holidays. They boat and bathe and fish. In season they can shoot duck or deer in the forest.

Outside the National Parks, where all creatures are strictly preserved, the game laws are simple. Anybody may shoot, but each man is limited to so many head. In the districts nearer to the big towns there may not be many fish nor much game left. Still even the poor man can try his luck, and though he may not get much, he has the pleasure of using a rod or a gun.

The Canadian holiday is in a way much more protracted than the English. The forests and lakes are easily reached from the towns, and the women and children of a household may spend practically the whole summer in their cottage while the men come out at week ends.



County Cottage on Lake Ontario

The cheap powerful American type of car, which can travel fast over the main highways and then bump its way over atrocious country roads, is the means by which the townspeople can get quickly into the wilds.

There is, of course, the expensive holiday, the real hunting expedition into the north after moose, or a stay in one of the palace hotels of the Rockies. There are also long motor trips across the Dominion or into the States, which can be done either cheaply or expensively according to where you stay. Finally there are seaside holidays, which are very much the same as lakeside holidays, except that the water is salt instead of fresh. They are, however, for those who live within a reasonable distance, and many Canadians grow old before they see either of their coasts.

Speeding the Empire's Airlines

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

TWO announcements in the past week affecting the development of the England-Australia airway—one concerning also the wider field of Imperial aviation development—strike contrasting notes.

From October 1st, Imperial Airways are to duplicate their service between Calcutta and Singapore. It may be safely assumed that Qantas Empire Airways simultaneously will duplicate their service between Brisbane and Singapore.

This step, which I foreshadowed in the "Saturday Review" some months ago, will create a twice-weekly service of mails between London and Brisbane in 10½ days each.

Coming so soon after the establishment of the service direct to the Commonwealth, the decision illustrates the success which immediately has followed the creation of a link long delayed by economic stress and Government timidity.

The Australian Government made a serious miscalculation in its estimate of the patronage of the air mail service to and from England. The inter-departmental committee which drew up a hypothetical table of mail-loadings between England and Australia reckoned that not until the fifth year of operation would the service be carrying the quantity of mails which actually had been achieved within a few months of its inauguration, ill-starred though that was.

This under-estimate of the air-mindedness of the business community has resolved the Australian Government not to be caught napping twice in the same way.

Mr. Archdale Parkhill, Minister for Defence, whose department is responsible also for civil aviation, has made a statement alleging delay by the British Government in supplying "vital details promised in February" at the time of the Empire air mail conference in Sydney.

He has thus officially supported the grievance felt by commercial aviation interests here and in Australia at the

lack of detailed information on the progress of the impressive scheme outlined in the House of Commons in December by Sir Philip Sassoon. This was to connect practically the whole of the Empire by faster and more frequent air mail services at a flat rate by 1937.

That ambition may still be realised. Mr. R. G. Menzies, the Australian Attorney-General, told me when he left London three weeks ago after consulting several British Government departments, that he thought it would operate by 1937. He admitted that there were obstacles, one of which has now been specified by Mr. Parkhill.

The task of halving present schedules, of allocating financial responsibilities, and securing agreement between the home and overseas Governments upon "spheres of influence" in controlling the expanded enterprise is a large one. It may be unjust to impute any flagging of enthusiasm on the part of responsible British officials for the development of the plan conceived.

But Mr. Parkhill's urgency is understandable. Supporters and opponents of the Commonwealth Government alike have lashed its previous tardiness in civil aviation. In its repentance, the Government is not going beyond the demands of its critics in spurring on the four British departments concerned.

They should know that any delay in announcing details of the scheme is a weapon to the hands of nationalistic aviation interests who would like to see Australia raise a ring fence to the sky.

S. Rhodesian News

A New African Lake

AFRICA may be given a new lake. Residents of the South-Eastern part of Southern Rhodesia are anxious to add to the tourist attractions of their part of the world, and a lake, in their view, is the very thing. Surveys have already been undertaken, and indicate that a vast sheet of water can be empounded.

The suggested site is near the great Zimbabwe ruins, which were made famous in Rider Haggard's romances.

The champions of the scheme are also bearing in mind the industrial as well as the economic benefits, in the form of larger tourist traffic, which the lake would bestow. It would, they point out, irrigate many miles of fertile and beautiful country, and could also be used as the source of power for industrial purposes.

A Modern Utopia

A booklet, which is prosaically entitled "Live in Southern Rhodesia," is designed to encourage people of moderate means to settle down in the Colony. It is issued by the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, Rhodesia House, London.

Among the many facts it contains are:—

There is no Income Tax payable

by married men with incomes up to £800 a year.

There is no unemployment.

There is Free Education.

Cars, domestic servants, tennis courts, and large gardens are not luxuries.

There are no rates and taxes on properties near the towns, and

Strawberries grow beneath orange trees.

A World Record

Southern Rhodesia leads the world so far as the ownership of motor cars is concerned. She boasts a motor vehicle for every three adults, according to a statement issued by the Government statistician. The United States runs a close second with a car to every three-and-a-half persons.

So far as the Empire is concerned, Canada and New Zealand run second with a car for every six persons; South Africa third with a car for every seven; Australia fourth with eight, and Great Britain with eighteen.

There were altogether 12,250 motor cars in Southern Rhodesia in 1934.

* * *

The Southern Rhodesian contingent at the World Rover Moot, held in Sweden, have presented a leopard skin rug to H.R.H. Prince Gustaf Adolf.

* * *

Captain W. S. Senior, M.C., Southern Rhodesia's Minister of Mines, is leaving this country this week to visit Canada to study the conditions on certain Dominion mining fields.

England as a Market for Empire Fruit

WORLD trade in fruit has expanded considerably since the War, and an amazing feature of the past few years is the growth in exports from Empire countries, even where the world total seems stationary, or even declining.

Improvements in methods of production, handling and marketing are mainly responsible for Empire progress.

The Imperial Economic Committee has just issued a Report on Fruit which proves conclusively that 1933 exports from the British Empire show an exceptional increase over the average of the years 1927-31.

This increase includes apples from Canada, Australia and New Zealand; pears from Australia; citrus fruits from South Africa and Palestine; grapes from South Africa; raisins and currants from South Africa and Australia; and canned fruit from Malaya, Canada, Australia and South Africa.

One decline is in the export of bananas to the Empire. U.S.A. is still the largest market.

The bulk of the international trade in canned fruits is in the hands of three countries, the United States, British Malaya and Australia, but increasing quantities are exported from Canada and South Africa, and small quantities from a number of countries in Europe and elsewhere.

Practically the whole of the Malayan and Hawaiian packs of canned pineapple are shipped abroad, chiefly to the United Kingdom and the United States respectively; Australia exports annually an average of 50 per cent. of her packs of apricots, peaches and pears.

Figures given in the I.E.C. report show the United Kingdom as the biggest importer of apples, pears, oranges, lemons, and dried grapes from the Empire, and the second biggest importer of grapes and bananas, which proves the great importance of this country not only to Empire, but to world markets.

It is probably correct to say that the depression which began in 1929 has affected the volume of international trade in fruit less than that in most primary products. Prices have fallen materially, but although price statistics for fruit are inadequate for any accurate measure of the extent of the fall it is fairly certain that it is less severe than in the staple commodities such as grain, cotton, wool and dairy produce. Between 1929 and 1933 the average declared value per cwt. of all fresh fruit imported into the United Kingdom fell by about 30 per cent., apples falling by 23 per cent., oranges by 30 per cent., bananas by 27 per cent., and grapes by 21 per cent., while the drop in the declared value of currants was under 10 per cent., and of raisins and sultanas about 3 per cent.

News in Brief

The Dominion of New Zealand has subscribed the sum of £15,140 for cancer research as a Jubilee gift to the King.

Sir Alexander Herdman, the senior Judge of the New Zealand Supreme Court, has retired from the bench to re-enter political life. He announces that he will contest a seat at the next general election, and that he will do his utmost to oust Mr. Forbes, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Coates, the Minister of Public Works and Transport, from the Government.

Following the exhibition in Sydney, last month, of the Society of Australian Genealogists, the membership of the Society is rapidly increasing. Enquiries from Australian visitors will be gladly answered, and opportunities for research in the subject, in England and Scotland, given by the Travelling Secretary:—Miss B. Maughan, c/o Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, Ltd., 18, Birch Lane, London, E.C.8.

Queensland is founding a National Art Gallery at Brisbane.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Founding of Singapore

By Professor A. P. Newton

IN the last quarter of the eighteenth century the work of the East India Company had undergone a vast change from what it had been thirty years before.

Then its interests were almost wholly concerned with the carrying on of profitable trade, but after Clive's assumption of political power for the Company in Bengal the major part of its work was concerned with affairs of government, and trade in mainland India fell into the background.

This change was very little to the taste of the directors, who were still mainly merchants, and they did their best to find profitable sources of trade elsewhere.

They devoted much attention to the promotion of English trade with China, which was still the monopoly of the Company, and this led on to the establishment of the first British post in Malaya, and so to the beginning of the Straits Settlements as a new part of the Empire.

The traditional route for shipping between China and India, which has been used from time immemorial, passes round the southern end of the Malay Peninsula and through the narrow Straits of Malacca between the Peninsula and the island of Sumatra.

This route was commanded by the fortress of Malacca, which was taken from the Arabs by the Portuguese at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and whose loss to the Dutch a



View of Singapore, about 1850. Note the innumerable junks in the harbour, and the European vessels.

hundred years later did much to mark the transfer of power in the Spice Islands to its new masters.

The Straits of Malacca were infested with Malay pirates, who stole out in their swift oared *prahus* from the hidden creeks along its shores, to attack the ships laden with rich cargoes from China that passed through those narrow and dangerous waters.

By the latter part of the eighteenth century the power of the Dutch from Malacca to police the straits against the pirates was seriously on the decline, and the East India Company determined to establish their own base from which to guard their China trade.

In 1786 they chose the island of Penang at the northern entrance of the passage, and purchased it from its Malay sultan to begin there a small settlement, the first British post in the region.

To prevent French designs in the colonies of the Batavian Republic, which had passed into Napoleon's control, the British Government in 1810 despatched a strong expedition to occupy the rich island of Java and command the commerce of the Archipelago from its capital at Batavia.

The inspirer of the plan was Thomas Stamford Raffles, and he was appointed Governor of Java when the occupation had been successfully accomplished.

For five years he devoted all his skill and knowledge of Oriental peoples to the reorganisation and liberalising of the old, selfish government of the Dutch East India Company, and in so doing he left a permanent mark on Dutch colonial administration.

But when peace came in 1815 the needs of European politics dictated the return of Java to Holland, and Raffles lost his governorship and had to return to a post of small importance as head of a small British factory on the west coast of Sumatra.

His disappointment was great, but the result was of profound future

importance for the Empire.

Raffles was an enthusiastic student of the language and history of the Malays, and he was convinced that Penang was unsuitable as a base to guard our trade through the Straits of Malacca.

The old fortress of Malacca itself was no longer of much use owing to the imperfections of its harbour, but Raffles learned from his historical researches that before its destruction and abandonment in the fourteenth century, the principal centre of trade in the Malay seas had been on the island of Singapore, at the very southernmost tip of the Peninsula.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the island lay almost uninhabited and derelict, but Raffles saw its immense strategic advantages and he drew up convincing memorials to recommend to the British Government the acquisition of Singapore by purchase from its nominal owner, the Malay Sultan of Johore, and the establishment there of a new British post.

After much hesitation the Government decided to accept Raffles' recommendations, and in 1819 he was authorised to negotiate the purchase of the island and to commence a settlement there.

This was a step of profound importance, for the natural advantages of its situation were such as at once to begin to attract shipping to the new harbour. Chinese merchants and coolies came down to find employment there, and the stable and liberal conditions under which trade could be carried on at Singapore exercised a great attraction to commerce, both European and native.

Within thirty years the new British port became one of the busiest and most important harbours in the East, and as a strategic centre it commanded all the traffic through the Straits.

Raffles' ideas have been justified in the amplest measure, and there can be no doubt that he deserves one of the foremost places in the ranks of the builders of the British Empire.



Sir Stamford Raffles, Governor of Java, founder of Singapore, in the early nineteenth century

The Pre-Autumn Boom

And the Consequences

By Our City Editor

IT is by no means an unusual thing for quiet August Stock Markets to witness an immeasurably large rise in prices so that when the investing public returns from its holiday, the professionals have already hoisted stocks and shares to a level amply discounting prospects of an autumn boom. It is just when every factor appears to be a favourable one that the investor should be most cautious and just at the moment the political situation appears to be the only possible source of trouble. Unemployment figures are more favourable, cheap money continues to hold sway, industrial results are encouraging, and new issues of capital are over-subscribed almost before the lists open. But the possibility of a temporary set-back in the event of a General Election must not be overlooked and should the Socialists make good headway, as appears by no means unlikely, then a good deal of profit-taking would follow from nervous holders of industrials. The strength of the market has been as much due to lack of sales as to buying orders. With gilt-edged yields under 3 per cent. and income tax at 4s. 6d. in the £ reinvestment of profits will offer considerable difficulty, but it appears by no means unlikely that the gilt-edged market will receive some further stimulus in the Autumn from this source. Industrials have reached a very high level and a period of hesitation by those who can already see substantial profits is only to be expected. Any fairly substantial set-back in prices will provide the opportunity for a re-entry by those who now feel inclined to take profits. Actually, it appears that the public is by no means heavily involved yet, as was the case in 1929; much of the rise has been due to the professional element on a narrow market. But there is, nevertheless, every sign of the basis of a speculative boom in industrial shares and the public can hardly be blamed for being attracted even at this exalted level of the Market.

Wall Street Prospects

The speculative market offering the greatest scope at the moment is that for American stocks. Only a short while ago it appeared improbable that security prices could recover in America for some time to come, but the waning of the Roosevelt dictatorial power has wrought a tremendous change in the situation. It has never been denied, even by the Americans themselves, that all the prerequisites of an inflationary boom were present,

but the confidence was lacking to make use of the credit facilities so liberally offered. Now, it appears to be a definite part of the Administration's programme to stage a business and financial boom towards the end of the year. Those who hold this belief are already entering the American market and, though its highly speculative nature must be emphasised, one cannot help feeling that U.S. utility and leading industrial stocks are due for a considerable rise. Though railroads may hang behind for a time, Atchisons at 55 and New York Centrals at 25 appear quite attractive while Con. Gas of New York at around 32 appear a likely Utility stock. In 1929 Atchisons were over 300 and New York Centrals touched 265 so that present prices are fairly near the bottom. International Nickels at under 30 are also promising and they are an Empire stock though affected so largely by Wall Street business. It will be interesting to watch the tendency of the New York Exchange, which has recently been moving against the dollar, to see if there are signs of a flow of capital from Europe towards Wall Street. A sudden strengthening of the dollar would be a likely indication of such a movement.

Tea Scheme in Jeopardy

The report for the past year of the International Tea Committee is most discouraging to those who had hoped that the Restriction Scheme would be the salvation of the planting industry. The trouble seems to be that the Scheme is altogether too loose, for it is binding only upon the Regulating countries, India, Ceylon and the Netherlands East Indies, and does not include China, Japan and Formosa. In the past year exports from these non-regulating countries increased by 14.3 million lbs., while total exports from the regulating countries increased by 50.5 million lbs., though there was in 1934-35 a reduction of some 120 million lbs. on the 1932-33 figure. At the moment, then, the scheme is having the effect of greatly encouraging exports from China and Japan. In addition, it is resulting in considerable smuggling of tea from India by land, since the India Tea Control Act does not apply to exports by land. These exceeded the 87½ per cent. quota last year by nearly 12 million lb. The Committee is faced with considerable difficulty in controlling the position in the face of lack of support from the trade, which can hardly be expected to rely upon a control which is not water-tight, and in endeavouring to maintain prices which only encourage the growth of outside supplies. The position is somewhat similar to that of the Rubber producers under the Stevenson scheme, and unless some arrangement can be made with China and Japan, which appears highly unlikely, the scheme may well come to an ignominious end in 1938.

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CINEMA

ON ILKLEY MOOR AGAIN

BY MARK FORREST

THE new picture at the Leicester Square, *Where's George?* has nothing to do with men who disappear mysteriously and are later found to be lunching at a popular café, but the title is somewhat typical of the rest of the film, the ideas in which constantly remind one of others that are rather better.

In this instance George is a filly, or so I gathered from the final line of the dialogue when the usual joke was made just as it seemed that we were going to be spared it, and Sydney Howard is a blacksmith. The scene is laid on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire where a village from each county is playing one another at Rugby football. Browbeaten by his wife, Mabel Constanduros, Sydney Howard determines to break away and, with the help of a pint of beer, finally succeeds in throwing off the yoke to such an extent that he turns up to the football practice, where his ability to catch the ball ensures his place in the team.

Sluggish Direction

At this point unfortunately, George, which he has wagered against six pounds, disappears, only to turn up at the critical point in the match to provide its owner with the incentive to score the winning try. All of this seemed to me to be not funny enough and the direction, in the hands of Mr. Raymond, to be sluggish. There are innumerable asides and Sydney Howard spends a lot of time talking to himself, which is an irritating artifice that the theatre got rid of years ago and the films do themselves a disservice by borrowing.

Having seen that the author of the story was Mr. Greenwood, who wrote *Love on the Dole*, I expected a tale with much more "meat" in it and perhaps that accounts in part for my disappointment. Nevertheless, Lancashire and Yorkshire are not produced by a few sets of mean streets and a wealth of accent, nor is a Rugby match, even under Northern Union rules, such a spectacle as is provided in this film. Wedged in the middle, however, is a dream in which Sydney Howard thinks he is a cowboy in the wild and very woolly West and, though the idea is hardly new, the sequence is very funny. I expect the picture will be a great success in the North where neither Sydney Howard nor Gracie Fields appear to be able to do anything wrong whatever their material may be.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981.

Delightful Friesian Legend

"DER SCHIMMELREITER" (U)

(The Rider on the White Horse)

BROADCASTING

LOW COMEDY AT
RADIOLYMPIA

BY ALAN HOWLAND

ONCE a year the B.B.C. Variety Boys have tremendous fun and games at Radiolympia. For a week or more they bask luxuriously in the limelight which is so strenuously denied them at Portland Place. They trot about Olympia in their little tail coats and exchange airy badinage with the radio gossip-mongers, they get their names in print and generally succeed in convincing themselves what frightfully important people they are.

What they do not, of course, realise, is that they are actually doing no more than serve the ends of the Radio Manufacturers' Association. Olympia is a large place and a particularly tiring place to walk about in. What more convenient thing for the R.M.A. than that the B.B.C. should, at its own expense, provide seating accommodation for the weary visitor, plus an entertainment of some sort? It all works out very nicely. The R.M.A. is pleased and the Bright Boys have the very dickens of a time.

A Lasting Disgrace

The amazing thing is, that the only fare which the B.B.C. thinks fit to provide for the footsore rubberneck is Variety. In the first place I am not alone in thinking that of all the programmes broadcast from Portland Place, variety programmes are infinitely the worst. As I have said before, time and time again the majority of "turns" included in this type of broadcast would be hissed off the stage in any decent music hall. Yet this is the side of its activities which the B.B.C. thinks it suitable to parade before the public. This is the type of entertainment which visitors to the Radio Exhibition are invited to believe is typical of the B.B.C. at its best.

I simply cannot understand how the B.B.C. allowed itself to be fooled into making this disgusting exhibition of itself. The B.B.C. exhibit at Radiolympia should at least command respect and reflect the dignity which the Corporation endeavours to assume in the eyes of the public. That it does no such thing is a lasting disgrace to those in authority at Broadcasting House. We have learnt to expect from Sir John Reith programmes deliberately aimed above our heads, but when we go to Radiolympia he offers us red noses and bare legs.

One is justified in enquiring what influence it is which brings about this astonishing *volte face* each year. Does Sir John secretly believe that the Variety programmes are the B.B.C.'s most important contribution to the aesthetic life of his seven million listeners or is he being dragged at the heels of the organisers of the Exhibition? I do not pretend to know and I should very much dislike to be told the answer.

Sweet Lavender

By Ivy O. Eastwick

"**H**ERE'S flowers for you," says Shakespeare, "hot lavender, mints, savoury, majoram."

Once more our gardens are fragrant with these lovely plants. Perhaps Shakespeare, like many more of us who delight in gardens, preferred the deep, dark lavender with its exquisite perfume to flaunting marigolds, flaming poppies, audacious sunflowers, proud lupins; perhaps, even to roses! It has a perfume which defies bottling. No scent-manufacturer ever quite managed to imprison it in a screw-topped bottle.

I can remember as a child trying to bottle sunbeams; I'd catch a handful, thrust them swiftly into an empty ginger-pop bottle, and screw in the cork for dear life. Then I'd hold it up to the light. Always, the sunbeams had evaded my efforts at capturing them.

The same with lavender! Its scent is in its leaves, in those tiny, seed-like, purple flowers, in the long, stiff, spiky stalks. It won't let itself be dissolved in waters and oils and various other things used by the men who would capture the very soul of flowers—their scent!

The country-wife, however, who disdains the use of "scent and the like" (as she scornfully designates all perfumed oils), plucks her lavender at the close of every summer season, and puts the purple heads into sachets and bags. These she keeps among the family's wearing apparel and the household linen. Not for her those abominated "moth-balls"!

Fireside Memories

Not only does lavender give wholeheartedly its sweet odour to the sheets and cloths and clothes (a perfume, by the way, which will survive several washings), but it also keeps away that bane of the housewife's life—moths! which manage (none knows how!) to sneak inside locked drawers, closed wardrobes and shut linen-cupboards, working havoc wherever they rest. The name "lavender" has a kind of connection with linen since it is derived from the Latin "lavendula," which means "laundress," so perhaps even in far-off, ancient Roman times, the little laundresses used lavender to scent their customers' linen before sending it home.

The stalks of lavender the careful housewife preserves within old vases and jars kept especially for that purpose. By the time winter comes, the lavender will be stiffer and straighter and drier than ever.

Then, each night, a dozen or so of the stalks will be put upon the hot stove in the room wherein the family is assembled. The heat of the fire draws out the fragrance in a way which distillers of the essence well might envy; it fills the whole room, not cloying, or faint, but—just lavender, and causes everyone present to draw deep breaths and to remember . . . summer time . . . garden . . . blue sky . . . lark in clear air . . .

THEATRE NOTES

Are Revivals Worth While?

THERE is something rather forbidding about the word "revival" in its theatrical sense. Playgoers who have seen the original production are always inclined to imagine that the acting will not come up to the standard set by the cast which they saw, and those who have never seen the play—nor even perhaps heard of it—are prone to think that a "revival" can only be the result of vigorous artificial respiration.

Too often, moreover, the manager who decides to revive a twenty year old play will seek out one of the original protagonists, persuade him or her to emerge from a dignified retirement at Hampstead or Teddington to sustain the rôles which made them famous, only to discover, too late, that Time has been kinder to the play than to the artist and that what was once a bad office "draw" is now nothing less than a box office incubus.

With these thoughts in mind I shook off my depression and mustered up a passable imitation of enthusiasm when I went to the Cambridge Theatre to see "Man and Superman."

The result was, as I had anticipated, that I enjoyed myself very much indeed and was confirmed in my opinion that "Man and Superman" is a very good play. Had the acting been bad, it would still have been a good play, and therefore worth "reviving," but as a matter of fact it was not.

C.S.



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C.S.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK *vide* Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

In the Patriot we read—

No people in history were more inhuman than the great band of Bolsheviks, of varied nationalities, who enslaved the people and took the country and wealth of the Russians; and who similarly treated Hungary for a time; and who had all prepared for the destruction of national Germany when the Germans were marshalled by Hitler and swept out the Soviet agents and their troops, the multitude of Communists. The demoralisation, civil wars and hostility to foreigners worked up in China by the agents Soviet have destroyed Chinese unity and normal existence, and opened the way for Japan to establish order in parts and secure control over great territories as a permanent check to Bolshevik plans. Japan's greatly needed intervention frightened the talkers of the League of Nations, who cried with noble gestures for some months, and then switched on to equally irreconcilable differences between other nations. The doctrine of hatred of Britain has been cultivated for years in Southern Ireland, to the obliteration of all consideration of the well-being of the Irish people in the minds of those who control the Government of the Free State.

The Bolsheviks have joined the body of extreme Zionist Jews in fomenting the ill-will of the Arabs (shared by great numbers of Moslems in other countries) towards the partisanship of the British Government shown in the control of Palestine.

The people of Russia in the summer of 1917 could never have imagined the possibility of their country succumbing to murder, robbery, and enslavement by an organisation of men, of various nations, long devoted to preparation of world-revolution, as well as having a special hatred of the Russia of old days. In the old Russia the majority, millions of individuals had a contented and religious life, with no leaning towards Communism; and to-day the lives of 85 per cent of the population are utterly miserable while their Soviet masters are spending immense sums in the cultivation of Communism in foreign countries.

The British people of Conservative disposition—whether of the Party or not—are allowed by their leaders, their politicians, and their Press to wallow in the comfortable conviction that revolutionary conditions will not enter into their lives. It is a most dangerous misconception.

All workers for the salvation of the Conservative Party—as the sole organisation capable of defeating Socialism cum Communism—and all independent British patriots, must devote their efforts to the instruction of the electorate on the necessity for refusing to follow blindly Mr. Baldwin and the Coalition Caucus now directed by him and the official machinery of the Central office. In the constituencies there must be determination to adopt only as M.P. candidates men determined on maintaining Conservative principles and the British Empire.

Mr. BALDWIN'S "SHEET ANCHOR"

BY LUCY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

What is the League of Nations? It is a League designed by the late American President Wilson which the American Nation very wisely refused to have anything to do with—FOISTED BY HIM ON ENGLAND—which Mr. Baldwin now actually describes to a Yorkshire audience as the "SHEET ANCHOR" OF THE GOVERNMENT!!

The Policy of the League of Nations is to denationalise nations and destroy their individuality. It is pernicious and destructive to the independence of the people—by usurping their sovereignty, and although it has no power and no right to do so—it orders countries to War over quarrels which do not concern them! The League of Nations is inherently Socialist, international and communistic.

YET THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY DOES NOT HESITATE TO ASK HIS FOLLOWERS TO SUPPORT THIS ORGANISATION WHICH STRIKES AT THE VERY HEART OF CONSERVATISM AND FREEDOM—**AND CALLS IT THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF HIS GOVERNMENT**—A statement I flatly contradict. THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF ENGLAND ALWAYS HAS BEEN A GREAT AND GLORIOUS NAVY.

Now as Mr. Baldwin is only in his present position through the votes of Conservatives who put him there and who voted for a Conservative Government—let us ask ourselves this question:—

WHAT IS CONSERVATISM?

As its name implies it represents that vast body of English opinion that seeks to CONSERVE certain recognised principles of Government—and all the great reforms in the last century have been on the initiative of Conservatives—as one can find out by reading history.

The first principle of CONSERVATISM—is the preservation of the MONARCHY—**which Sir Stafford Cripps wishes to destroy**—strengthening the ties of Empire by bringing the Dominions and Colonies into the closest relationship with the Mother Country and—**ABOVE ALL AND BEFORE ALL**—maintaining the Armed Forces of the Realm on the same high level that has always made our national will predominant and respected in the councils of Europe because our Navy was invincible. Conservative principles are simple but they aim fundamentally in preserving the safety of every Englishman and Englishwoman.

It is a bird of ill omen that soils the nest that it was reared in—but that is exactly what Stanley Baldwin has done. Nurtured in Conservatism he owes his great position as Leader of the Conservative Party to Conservatives. Where would he be to-day if Conservatives—foolishly against their better judgment—had not listened to his crocodile tears a few years ago and permitted him to carry on again after they knew in their hearts that he had failed them and that they could not trust him and they were right in doubting him and wishing to get rid of him for, in the vernacular of the day, "He has done them dirty."

So that—as this proves—Mr. Baldwin's position depends entirely upon Conservatism and yet he has thrown all Conservative principles to the winds and it is the duty of all who love their King and country to **DENOUNCE THIS FRAUDULENT DICTATORSHIP CALLING ITSELF "NATIONAL"** which has basely betrayed the Country by squandering the Nation's resources, weakening its faith, breaking its heart and destroying its very soul.

And remember that Mussolini—Mussolini alone—has saved us from the humiliating and disgraceful gesture by which Mr. Eden tried to bribe him—but he has not yet answered my question—What was the bribe he promised to Russia—**WAS IT INDIA?**